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The Second Volume of the Posthumous Works of Mr. *Samuel Butler*, Author of Hudibras.

Written in the Time of the Grand Rebellion, and at the Beginning of the Restoration.

Being a Collection of *Satyrs*, *Speeches* and *Reflections* upon those Times.

WITH

A KEY to the II. and III. Parts of Hudibras,

By Sir *Roger L' Estrange*.

28

33

LONDON, Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and Sold by *R. Smith* and *G. Strahan* at the *Royal-Exchange*; *J. Browne* without *Temple-bar*; *J. Graves in St. James's Street*. and *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*. 1715.

J Treasury

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

8 N 8

TO THE

Moſt Illuſtrious Prince

JAMES,

DUKE of ORMOND.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's moſt illuſtrious Name, being an Or-

nament to the *former Volume* of Mr. *Butler's Posthumous Works*, it is humbly begg'd that You will vouchsafe to favour this *second Volume* with your Protection, that the scatter'd Remains of the inimitable Author of *Hudibras* may not be

be turn'd naked and defenceleſs into a cenſorious, ſtubborn and bigotted Generation.

Be pleaſed therefore to grant them your Favour, which will be an effectual Security to 'em in their Travels; and

will be the greateſt Honour to

Your Grace's

moſt obedient and
humble Servant.

PREFACE.

THE Reputation of Mr. Butler's *Writings is ſo effectually eſtabliſh'd, that it would be both Preſumption and Impertinence in me to attempt any additional Recommendation; nor would there be any Occaſion for this Preface, if it were not neceſſary to give the Reader a few Introductory Cautions.*

PREFACE.

The moſt Part of the Pieces, of which this Volume is compos'd, are taken from their Original Manuſcripts.

The Fable of the Lion *and* Fox, *and* Hudibras *at* Court, *I obtain'd by the Intereſt of an eminent Clergy-Man in* Buckinghamſhire, *who had been ſometime* Chaplain *to the old* Earl *of* Carnarvan, *who inform'd me, that Mr.* Butler *us'd to make long and frequent Viſits to* Asket, *the Name of that Lord's Seat,*

and

and that at Intervals, when he was diſengag'd from my Lord's Company, he writ theſe two, with ſeveral other Papers of the ſame Nature.

The Fable of the Lion *and the* Fox, *he believes to be his firſt Eſſay in this Kind of Poetry, and that after he had finiſh'd it, he diſlik'd it, and threw it by, till Mr.* Ditchfield, *that was then* domeſtick Chaplain *to the Family, happened to get a Copy, which he ſhew'd to the*

Clergy and other Gentlemen that came to visit my Lord, who generally took Copies of it also; some of which are to be met with in their Families at this Time; and the Applause and Credit Mr. Butler *gain'd by this Fable induc'd him soon after to begin his* Hudibras.

The Memoirs *are Observations upon the Managements of the Regicides in the two first Years after the King's Murder.* In-

Indeed I am the more inclin'd to believe this, becauſe I have ſeen ſeveral of Mr. Butler's *Letters to his Friends, in which was a Part of theſe Memoirs together with the Verſes, as they are now interſpers'd and printed with them.*

The Earl of Pembroke's *Speeches as he ſpoke 'em in the Houſe of Lords, were the common Talk and Sport of the Kingdom, and many of the Wits at that Time turn'd them into Lampoons and Ridicule; among which*

which Mr. Butler *put 'em into the dreſs you now ſee 'em in, and ſent 'em inclos'd in Letters to his particular Friends and Acquaintance, from whoſe Copies they were afterwards printed and diſpers'd without Mr.* Butler's *Knowledge, and as I have been told, very much againſt his Inclination.*

The Speeches of Alderman Atkins, Pennington, Hugh Peters, *&c. were written to repreſent the intolerable Prophaneneſs and Stupidity of the Faction.*

Faction. *Mr.* Butler, *who was the beſt Maſter of Ridicule and Mimickry in the World, is ſaid to have done them in Obedience to the Commands of the Lord* Carbury, *who in Recompence made him firſt his* Secretary, *and after ward* Steward *of* Ludlow Caſtle.

Hudibras at Court, *was without Doubt intended for a fourth Part, as is very obvious to any Perſon that compares that with the other Three. How he came to drop the Deſign, and*

to

to conclude the first Canto with a severe Satyr upon the Court, is differently reported; but the most general and probable Conjecture is, that after a long and fruitless Dependance upon the Promises of the King and great Courtiers, full of Resentment, he resolves to leave the Court, to which he could never again be reconcil'd to the Day of his Death.

This is all I think necessary as an Introduction to the following Volume, except it be to inform

form the Reader, that I am in close Pursuit of several other Pieces of this Author, viz. His Pastoral upon the Death of Sir *Samuel Luke*; The Quakers Spiritual Court Proclaim'd; His Letter and Copy of Verses to Sir *William Davenant* upon his *Gondibert*, &c. *All which I hope in a very short Time to be in a Condition to lay before the World.*

The

THE CONTENTS Of the Second Volume Of *Mr.* BUTLER'S *Posthumous Works.*

THE Fable of the Lion and the Fox, alluding to the Cause and Manner of the great Rebellion in the Year 1641. pag. 1.

An Epitaph upon King Charles *the First.* pag. 41.

A

A ſhort Litany for the Year 1649. pag. 43.
Upon the late Storm at the Death of the Uſurper Oliver Cromwell, *revers'd out of Mr.* Waller's *fine Piece of Flattery,* pag. 45.
Memoirs of the Years 49, *and* 50. pag. 73.
The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech in Parliament, on* Monday *the* 19. *of December,* 1642, *concerning Accommodation.* pag. 113.
The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech to the Houſe of Peers, when the Lords were accus'd of High-Treaſon* 1647. pag. 118.
The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a perſonal Treaty with the King in* London, *and alſo on the Debate of the Reaſons given by the Lords to the Commons for not ſending the three Propoſitions before a Treaty* 1648. pag. 130.
Another of his Speeches. pag. 155.
His laſt Will and Teſtament. pag. 161.
Alderman Atkins's *Speech befote Dinner to the Speaker, the General,* &c. *at* Grocer's Hall. pag. 173.
Alderman Pennington's *Speech at the preſenting the Baſon and Ewer.* pag. 181.

Hugh

Hugh Peter's *Thanksgiving Speech for a Farewell to the City.* page 187.
A ſeaſonable Speech by Alderman Atkins *in the Rump Parliament.* 193.
Hudibras *at Court.* 205.
An old Song on Oliver's *Court, written in the Year* 1654. 239.
Another. 242.
The Romiſh Prieſt deny'd Hell Room. 246.
The Reformation, written in the Year 1652. 248.
The Safety. 256.
The Tub-Preacher. 260.
Mola Aſinaria, *or the unreaſonable and inſupportable Burthen now preſs'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation.* 265.
A Key to the Second and Third Parts of Mr. Butler's *Hudibras. By Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange. 277.

The

THE INDEX

THE *INDEX.*

A

AGitators *good Physick for a sick Church or State.* Pag. 86.
Atkins. 100.
Army demand a Releaſe for Lilburn, Muſgrave *and* Overton. 126.
Aſſembly *of Divines.* 198.
Auſtin *quoted.* 269.

B

Brereton *a Biſhop.* 75.
Brown *a Priſoner.* 105.
Bradſhaw. 108.
Biſhops *put out of the Lords Houſe.* 114.

C

Cromwel *and the Devil afraid of Croſſes.* 75.
Croyden *and* Fulham *haunted.* ibid.
Calamy. 80.
Cromwel's *Noſe a Comet.* 99.

Colonel

INDEX.

Colonel Pride *born in a Church-Porch.* 162.
Chaplains *bequeath'd to the Earl of* Stamford. 164.
Cat *takes a Lord for a Mouse.* 168.
Caldicut *desired to pray.* 169.
Cobweb-*Laws.* 251.
Cicero *cited.* 265.

D

Desborough *a Colonel.* 10.
Deers *given to the Earl of* Salisbury. 163.
Dr. Dorislaus. 188.
Dray-Cart *chang'd to a Coach.* 241.

E

Erra Pater. 97.
Eating *Tribe.* 240.
Expence *of Blood and Purse without Profit.* 249.

F

Faustus *lost in the Air.* 46.
Feasting *upon a fasting Day.* 240.

G

General *not oppose the Votes of the House.* 177.
Grocer's Hall *a good Ordinary.* 188.
Geneva *Potions.* 261.
Government *compacted of Treason.* 274.

Ho-

H

Hothams, *like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified Biſhop.* 77.
Horſes *given to the Earl of* Denbigh. 163.
Hawks *given to the Earl of* Carnarvan. ib.
Hands *waſht in Royal Blood.* 239.
Holy *Bellows.* 244.

I

Jeremiah Mumble-Text's *Speech to the Mob.* 14.
Job *came to be a Saint upon a Dunghil.* 75.
Ireton *leads* Cromwel. 129.

K

King *and Parliament.* 124.
King *can't be eſtabliſh'd without a Reformation.* 184.

L

Lion *gives his Paw to kiſs.* 28.
Lord Say's *white Powder.* 85.
Lilly *and* Booker *billet in Heaven.* 96.

M

Monarch *ſentenc'd to die by his Subjects.* 42.
Mancheſter. 85.
Martin's *Paradiſe the ſame with* Mahomet's. 87.

N

Northumberland *would have no Hand in* Strafford's *Blood.* 120.

INDEX

O

Oldſworth. 95.

P

Pembroke. 85.
Peter *ſcandalous.* 106.
Prynn. 107.
Ploughſhear *chang'd to a Sword.* 241.
Puritan *loves his Gut.* 243.
Prieſt *deny'd Entrance into Hell.* 246.

Q

Queens *and Kings hated.* 43.

R

Reynard *obnoxious to his Neighbours.* 3.
Roſſiter *a Jew extraordinary.* 87.
Ruth. 245.

S

Sow *led to looſe her Maidenhead.* 5.
Sicilian *Veſpers.* 88.
Sir Samuel Luke *a Cub of an ugly Litter* 90.
Strafford *and* Canterbury. 120.
Scots *are Jews.* 132.
Skippon *hath a thouſand Horſe.* 153.
Sir Ralph Hopton. 157.
Sir Henry Mildmay *cudgell'd by a Foot-man.* 164.

Salvation

Salvation *ſold for Gold.* 254.

T

Tom May's *Pate broke.* 165.
Thankſgiving *Trencher-knife.* 177.
Thorn *at* Glaſſenbury. 95.
Treaſon *to ſpeak Truth.* 256.

V

Vertue *of an Outlawry.* 228.
Viſion. 229.

W

Warwick's *Jugling.* 85.
Wilton *Houſe burnt.* 125.
Whore *of State.* 235.
Whores *and Villains at Court.* 237.
Wenches *carry Fire in their Tails.* 241.
Whore *of* Babylon. 243.

X

Xerxes *was a Leveller.* 85.

Z

Zeal *of the Roundheads.* 211.

The

THE Second Volume OF Mr. *BUTLER*'s Posthumous Works.

The Fable of the LYON and the FOX.

Alluding,
To the Cauſe and Manner of the Great Rebellion in the Year 1641.

A *Lyon* who had uncontrol'd,
O'er many *Woods* and *Foreſts* (rol'd,
Hearing his Subjects oft complain
Of many *Hardſhips* in his Reign,

Reſolves to go from *Place* to *Place*,
To try if he could learn the *Cauſe*.

A *ſubtle Fox* who near him kept,
And us'd to dog him Step by Step,
Fearing that *he* among the *reſt*,
Might be found out to be a *Beaſt*,
Whoſe daily ſtudy was to bring
Contempt and *Ruine* on his *King*,
Rowls in his crafty Mind a way,
How he his *Sov'reign* might *betray*;
And that the *Matter* he might nick,
He pitch'd upon this cunning *Trick*.

There was a Common near a Town,
Where he had frequent *Robb'ries* done,
Oft kill'd young *Lambs*, broke open *Pens*
And *ſtole* the *Goodwives Cocks* and *Hens*
So *ravenous* and bold he was,
That not a Gooſe could go to graze,

But he both Night and Day would watch 'em,
And by ſome *Stratagem* diſpatch 'em;
Which made the *Villages* determine,
Both One and All, to ſlay the Vermin.

Thinks he, if it ſhould happen ſo,
This *thoughtleſs Brute* ſhould thither go
I'd *Bark* and howl and raiſe the Town,
That they may come and pull him down
By which *Contrivance* I avoid
To be, perhaps, myſelf deſtroy'd.

Now, as he thought, ſo it fell out,
For as he rang'd the *Woods* about,
Not dreading any ſort of harm,
For *Innocence* is ſtill a *Charm*,
He comes to that unlucky *Place*,
Where *Reynard* thus obnoxious was.
The crafty *Vermin*, when he ſaw,
That he by no means could withdraw,

Begins to yelp aloud and cry,
If you would ſave your Life, Sir, fly:
And ſtill he howls with all his Might,
You have no Remedy but flight.

The *Royal Brute*, whoſe noble Heart
Was never known to flinch or ſtart,
Looks round, and ſeeing no one near,
Judg'd ſome officious Beaſt was there;
Or that ſome *Stragler* was that way,
Lurking about to catch his Prey,
Who ſeeing him ſo unexpected,
And fearing he ſhould be detected,
Made this audacious outcry, purely,
That he might 'ſcape the more ſecurely.
Theſe were his Thoughts, until he ſees
Great Crowds appear among the Trees,
Whom to avoid, and try th'event,
To an adjacent *Brake* he went,
Where he propos'd ſo long to lie,
Till all the *Rabble* were gone by.

But

But as it was by Fate decreed,
That he in nothing ſhould ſucceed,
A *Ruſtick* leading of a Sow,
To th' *Parſon's Boar*, as they do now,
Happen'd to ſee the very place,
Where the poor *Beaſt* ſecreted was.

The *Fellow*, who had ne'er before
Seen any thing that went on four
Legs, look ſo fierce and formidable,
With all the ſpeed that he was able,
Throws down the Cord with which he led
The *Sow* to loſe her *Maidenhead*,
And runs with all his force and might,
(For Fear, they ſay, adds Wings to flight,
To tell that he had ſeen a *Creature*,
Of *dreadful Shape* and *monſtrous Stature*;
But he but little way had gone,
Before he ſaw his *Neighbours* come

With *Clubs* and *Spits*, *Hedge-bills* and (*Prongs*,
Nay, ſome, for haſte, had brought the (*Tongs*,
And ſome had *Swords*, and ſome had (*Guns*,
One this, another that way runs,
Reſolving all, alive or dead,
Reynard to bring before the Head-
Borough, who was oblig'd to pay
Five Shillings if they won the Day.

The crafty *Fox*, who was no *Stranger*
Either to the *Place* or his own *danger*,
Steals to a *Thicket* that was near,
Where he what paſs'd might ſee and hear
And pleas'd the *Vermin* was to find
All things ſucceed as he deſign'd.

The *Ruſtick* who did lead the *Sow*,
Had ſo much Breath recover'd now,
And ſeeing all his *Neighbours* near,
Had ſo far reſpit from his Fear,

That

That he firſt ſcratch'd his Head, then (hum'd,
Then thus the Matter to 'em ſum'd:
Neighbours, ſays he, *why what the Pox,*
Can you ſuppoſe a little Fox,
Tho' he were ne'er ſo great a Thief,
Could do us all this damn'd Miſchief.
I am no Conjurer, yet I know,
It cannot be, nor is it ſo:
Some Creature whom the Gods imploy,
Is ſent among us to deſtroy
Our Flocks and Herds, and will, at laſt,
Upon the very Owners feaſt.
I will not keep you in ſurpriſe,
I ſaw juſt now, with both my Eyes,
So ſtrange a Monſter, that a Fox
Is no more like him than an Ox.
Upon the Arms of our good King,
I've pictur'd ſeen juſt ſuch a Thing,
His Beard, his Tail, his Mane the ſame
Only the Picture looks more Tame,

And that may well enough be ſaid,
For one's alive, the other dead.
By this time all the *People* came,
And in a *Ring* incloſe the Man;
And as a nice *Obſerver* finds,
That many Men have many Minds;
Such were their diff'rent *Thoughts* and *Notions*,
Some Swear, ſome fall to their *Devotions*
Some doubt the truth of this Relation,
Whilſt others, with leſs Senſe than Paſſion,
Affirm, it was a burning ſhame,
They ſhonld their honeſt *Neighbour* blame
Whoſe *Probity* had oft bin ſeen,
When he a *Juryman* had been,
Both at *Court-Baron* and *Court-Leet*,
When they their *Landlord's Steward* meet;
And ſometimes too at *Quarter-Seſſions*,
Where *Juſtices* for hard Expreſſions,

Puniſh

Puniſh poor *Rogues* & *Whores*, and *Try*
Some *Thieves* for petty *Robbery*.
Upon the whole, their Doubts and Fears
Had almoſt ſet them by the Ears;
And if the Cobler had not broke
The Ice, and with ſome Fury ſpoke,
There had been *Bloodſhed*; *But*, ſays he,
Neighbours, for ſhame, agree, agree;
For, to be plain, as Caſes ſtand,
I think we ſhould go hand in hand:
This is no Matter of ſmall Moment:
Then why ſhould we our danger foment,
By quarreling with one another?
I'll tell you, if he was my Brother,
Should I he diſtruſt our honeſt Neighbour
I'd call him Blockhead for his labour.
Why, what the Devil can we think,
He's neither Mad, nor yet in Drink:
Nor was he wont to Laugh or Scoff,
To Lye and Flatter, and ſo forth;

Therefore, in short, I must believe,
He'd not himself or us deceive.

Says **Derborough**, for that his Name was
Who afterwards grew very famous,
And as his Neighbours all can tell,
I'th' *Civil Wars* was *Colonel*;
Nay, some there be that will not stick
To say, he was so *Politick*;
Or if you will, so great a *Rogue*,
That when *Rebellion* was in vogue,
That he among the rest was *one*
That doom'd his *King* to *Martyrdom*.
But to proceed, *If any dare*
Go to the Place, I'll shew you where,
Quoth he, *this Monster now lies lurking*
And like some Cavalier is working,
In his mischievous Pate, some way,
Our Cattle and our selves to slay.

To

To this replies the Clerk o'th' *Pariſh*,
I'd go if I was ſure to periſh;
And yet, to make a little halt,
Soft Fire makes the ſweeteſt Malt.
And ſoft and gently too go far,
The Proverb ſays, 'tis ſo in War.
Then give me leave, I think 'tis beſt,
Before that we attack the Beaſt,
To call a Counſel, and deviſe
To fall upon him by Surpriſe.
You know when Civil Broils grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why,
That I was one of thoſe that went
To fight for King *and* Parliament.
When that was over, I was one
Fought for the Parliament *alone*;
And tho' to boaſt it argues not,
Pure Merit me a Halbert got,
And as Sir Samuel *can tell*,
I us'd the Weapon paſſing well.

This Leader *was of Knowledge great,*
Either in Charging *or* Retreat,
Could Pray *and* Fight, *and* Fight *and* (Pray,
Could ſtand it, or could run away;
And, as 'tis ſaid, found out the Thing
To make the King *oppoſe the* King;
Of him that thus was famous for
His Courage *and* Succeſs in War,
I needs muſt ſay, to be no bolder,
I learnt, in part, to be a Soldier.
But this is not a proper Place,
Nor Time, t'enlarge upon the Caſe.
The Foe is very near at hand,
And if we long conſulting ſtand,
We ſlip an opportunity,
Perhaps, to ſlay an Enemy,
That if he had it in his Power,
Would us and all we have devour.
Here is no room for Mediation,
Nor Treaty, *nor* Accommodation;

No

No Terms *this* Matter *can compoſe.*
But it muſt come to downright Blows.
Our very Liberties *and* Lives,
Our Cattle, Children, *nay, our* Wives,
Are all at ſtake, and that's enough
I'm ſure, to make us danger-proof.
But as among the Saints *we know,*
Before they did to Battle go,
Nay, tho' they only went to Plunder,
Or bring ſome bold Malignant *under,*
They always ſung Staves *two or three,*
Until they met the Enemy.
So let us now, with one accord,
Lift up our Voices *to the Lord.*
'Tis true, they fought to free the Nation
From Pop'ry *and* Abomination,
And evil Counſellors *to bring*
To Juſtice, that ſeduc'd the King.
They fought to get into their hands,
Of King *and* Biſhops, *all the Lands;*

And

And did, at length, by Prayer and (Fighting,
Obtain the whole that they had right in.

Thus far the Clerk: he that ſpoke next,
Was *Jeremiah Mumble-text*,
And he was one could *Preach* & *Weave*
Both *others* and *himſelf* deceive,
Had ſuch a *burning fiery Zeal*
For *Anarchy* and *Commonweal*,
That he could *Howl*, and *Grin* and *Cant*
Act both a *Devil* and a *Saint*.
This *Miniſter of Reformation*,
When firſt *Rebellion* came in faſhion,
Could, as his *Shuttle*, ſhoot his *Tongue*,
And, Lawyer-like, prove *Right* was *(Wrong*,
He'd prove *Reſiſtance* was no *Treaſon*,
But grounded on the Law of *Reaſon*,
And for to kill the *King*, no more,
Than 'twas to rub out an old *Score*;

To

To *Swear*, *Forſwear*, *Lye*, and *Recant*,
Was but the Duty of a Saint,
And that to *Sequeſter* and *Plunder*,
Did but the *Carnal Man* bring under,
A ſort of gentle *Moderation*,
To ſave a vile *malignant Nation*.
He'd prove the *Prieſts* and *Biſhops* all,
Were Servants to the *Idol Baal*,
Drones, *Idle Belly-Gods*, and ſo forth;
A *Crew* of uſeleſs *Things*, of no worth.
To ſumm up all, he would averr,
And *prove*, a *Saint* could never err;
And that, let *Saints* do what they will,
That *Saints* are *Saints*, and were ſo ſtill.
After this worthy *Babe of Grace*,
Had three times hem'd, and ſet his Face,
He thus begins: *By Inſpiration*
I find we are a ſinful Nation,
And ſince the Spirit *gives me leave*,
I'll not my ſelf nor you deceive.

And

And here he blew his Nose and Hem'd,
This Item *should not be contemn'd,*
This Monster must in course be sent,
To warn us of our Punishment;
For Whoring, Drunkenness & Swearing,
Or more ungodly Cavaliering,
For Cavaliering *is, my Friends,*
The Cause to which our Ruine tends.
That wicked Creature call'd a King,
Is an abominable Thing;
And till that Monster *be remov'd,*
We shall be neither blest nor lov'd;
Nay, I believe, this very Brute,
O'er all the Beasts *is* Absolute,
And like the King, *by* Right Inherent,
In all the Woods *and* Plains, Vicegerent.
I would not carry Things too far,
Nor overstretch the Metaphor;
But if we safely may rely on
Dessborough, *then he's a* Lyon,

As

As Arbitrary *and* Deſpotick
As is the Vandals King *and* Gothick;
And Rules the Beaſts *with ſuch a* Sway,
That if they chance to diſobey,
Off goes their Ears, *as was of late,*
Of our Three Worthies, *the hard Fate.*
Says he, *for* Saints *to fight and jar,*
May well be call'd a Civil War,
But for the Saints *to kill the* King
And all his Friends, *is no ſuch thing;*
For there's a diff'rence 'twixt the blood
Of Royaliſt *and the* Brotherhood.
Suppoſe the Beaſts, *for we'll ſuppoſe*
The thing, tho' it for nothing goes,
Should Riſe *at once, both one and all,*
And on this headſtrong Monſter fall,
And ſhould deſtroy the Branch and Root
Of Him and all his Whelps *to boot;*
Now can a Man that is not ſtark
Staring mad, or in the dark,

Con-

Conclude the Beasts *commit Offence,*
By murd'ring *him they call a* Prince,
One that would worry'em and tear'em
And not for petty Crimes would spare'em
What signifies the empty Word
Of King, *of* Bishop, *or my* Lord,
They're only common words of course,
And, in themselves, of little force,
Meer Lyndsey-Woolsey Stuff *and* Non-
(sence,
Compar'd with Liberty *or* Conscience:
There is in these two words alone,
More force and virtue, ten to one,
Than is in all that paultry Book,
That is by some for Prayers mistook;
Nay, the whole Bible *can't afford*
A better and more useful Word,
Than Conscience: *To be plain and brief*
Conscience *of all the* Words *is chief:*
I cannot name it without Passion,
At least some secret Agitation.

Con-

Conſcience *is an* Internal Light,
That ne'er goes out by Day or Night;
It may, perhaps, a little vary,
As Things *ſucceed, or* Things *miſcarry;*
For by the Saints *'tis held,* Succeſs
Is a ſure Guide to Conſciences:
Succeſs *and* Conſcience *are the ſame,*
And differ little but in Name;
Some Conſciences *indeed may* winch,
Like Jades that ill ſtuff'd Saddles pinch
And we may have, ſpight of our Ears,
Some inward Qualms, *ſome* Doubts *and* Fears,
But then Succeſs *takes off their Sting,*
And does the Man to Temper bring.
If Conſcience *and* Int'reſt *differ,*
Conſcience, *in courſe, will grow the ſtiffer;*
But th'other hand, if they agree,
Conſcience *is pliant, frank and free.*
It muſt be own'd that any Saint
May boggle at the Covenant,

And

And ſeem a little ſhye *and* loath,
To take, for nothing, a falſe Oath;
But when Succeſs *and* Int'reſt *force,*
Theſe Things *are only* Things *of cour*
And thus went on this *Holderforth*
Till a freſh outcry ſtop'd his Mouth.
A Knight there was, of paſſing Worth
Who with his Neighbours ſally'd forth
A *Sportſman* keen, as ever ſet
A *Snare*, or *Springe*, or drew a *Net*,
Could find a *Rabbit* or a *Hare*,
The beſt of any that was there:
And what was more, he underſtood
Each *turn* and *winding* of the Wood
To ſpeak his *Character* in brief,
He was among the *Poachers* chief.
As *Gen'rals*, when they go to fight
Firſt view the Ground, e'en ſo our Knig
Rid round and round about the Place
In which the *Lyon* ſhelter'd was:

as it happens now and then,
fall by our own *Stratagem*,
by the ſequel you will ſee
event of *Reynard*'s Treachery.
nard, as you before were told,
cloſe enkennel'd in ſtrong Hold,
pecting when they would aſſail
Royal Brute with *Tooth and Nail*;
as that things do often *ſlip*,
Proverb ſays, *'twixt Cup and Lip*,
ſo it happen'd in this Caſe,
Chance brings many things to paſs;
eagle of the *Knight's Retinue*,
ning by chance to an *Avenue*,
by unlucky *Inſtinct* find,
at *Reynard* lay full in the Wind;
Dog no ſooner took the *Scent*,
forward he with Fury went,
as he runs he opens too,
all ſtanch Hounds by Nature do.

The

The Knight impatient of delay,
Bawls, *Hark to Joler, hark away*;
For *Joler* was a Dog, he knew,
Ne'er cry'd it but it muſt be true;
And not to do his *Worſhip* wrong,
Of *Dogs* none better knew the *Tongu*
Nor was a *Tongue* e'er better known
Among the *Dogs*, than was his own.
Reynard, who heard the Cry was comin
Knew now there was no way but runni
And what was worſe too, he muſt pa
Juſt where the *Mob* aſſembled was.
About the *Brake* he made ſome *Doubl*
But that did but augment his *Trouble*
The *Scent* lay high, and ev'ry round,
To th' *Dogs* himſelf he nearer found.
And ſo, before he loſt more ſtrength,
He thought it beſt to run at *Length*,
And try if he could reach that *Earth*
From whence he could not be got fort

T

The *Lion* who had quiet lain,
But not, perhaps, without ſome Pain;
For let a *Beaſt* be ne'er ſo ſtout,
'Tis dang'rous to engage a Rout;
And he that will with *Rabbles* fight,
Whether he be i'th' wrong or right,
Will find his Blood and Courage waſted,
And muſt expect to be well baſted.
This *Royal Brute*, whoſe gen'rous Breaſt
With *Doubts* and *Fears*, tho' ne'er oppreſt
Yet ſeeing *Tumults* and a Hurry,
Judg'd it unſafe for him to tarry,
So to his *Den* unſeen repairs,
And left the *Fox to ſtand the Bears*.
The *Fox*, tho' ſubtle, ſtrong and ſwift,
Was now reduc'd to his laſt ſhift;
And as 'tis ſaid, that *Wit is beſt*
In ſudden Cauſes, ſo the *Beaſt*,
Concludes, his Ruine to prevent,
To try this bold *Experiment*.

Near

Near to a *Plain* there dwelt a Lord,
Whoſe *Park* did ſtore of *Deer* afford,
And had all ſorts of other Game,
For ſome were *wild* and ſome were *tame*.
Thinks he, If I could thither get,
I ſhould theſe reſtleſs Curs defeat.
Thither, with all his force and might,
The *crafty Vermin* took his flight,
And finding in the Pale a Hole,
Preſs'd by his Danger, in he ſtole.
But this had likewiſe prov'd in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
Had not the Paſſage been ſo ſmall,
That not a Dog could thro' it crawl.
And thus we ſee, as Stoicks hold,
That *Fortune ſtill doth help the Bold*,
And the moſt daring ſubtle *Knave*,
Doth often from *Deſtruction* ſave,
Whilſt thoſe of worth, and better Sort,
Are but her Meriment and Sport.

But to let ſmall *Adventures* paſs,
Proceed we next to tell the Caſe,
How *Reynard*, like a Politician,
That had more *Heads than Beaſt in Viſion*,
And in each Head had ſome *Deſign*,
The *Royal Brute* to undermine.

Have you not heard of one of late,
A potent *Stickler* for the *State*;
One that could break his *Faith* & *Troth*,
With as much eaſe as eat his Broth,
Play'd faſt and looſe, for and againſt,
Till he had got himſelf advanc'd;
Had ſeen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Could ſail with ev'ry *Wind* and *Tide*,
And be on both or either Side.

Such was the *Fox*, ſuch was the *Man*,
One *Beaſts*, the other *Men* trepan;
And both alike they did enjoy,
That uſeful Maxim to deſtroy,

Both *Friend* and *Foe*, without *remorse*,
That hinder'd their *rebellious course*.
New *Spite* and *Rage* the *Fox* inflame,
To see that he had miss'd his Aim,
And nothing less than *Root and Branch*
Can ease the *Tumults* in his *Paunch*.
Accordingly he casts about
How first to find the *Lyon* out,
And with a Look demure and civil,
That would almost deceive the Devil,
To draw him in to some *Adventure*,
In which his *Ruine* needs must center.
And as the *crafty Vermin* thought,
So *Chance* about the *Matter* brought;
For it fell out upon a Day,
When all the *Beasts* were gone away,
That to the *Lyon's Den* he posted,
And thus the pensive *Brute* accosted:
Health to my Prince, *long Life & Peace*,
May with his Age, *his* Power *encrease*,

And may he be for ever free
From Danger *and from* Treachery:
May no falſe Tales *or groundleſs* Fears
Diſturb his Thoughts or reach his Ears,
That he may judge and truly know,
Who is his Friend, *and who his* Foe,
And be no more trick'd and miſguided,
And from his Subjects Hearts divided.
The Gods can witneſs what I ſay,
None can with greater ardour pray
For the Proſperity of Maſter,
Than Reynard, *tho' by ſad* Diſaſter,
H'as been traduc'd and repreſented,
One of the Party diſcontented.
Great Sir, I ſhould not be ſo rude,
To treſpaſs on your Solitude,
If both my Conſcience *and my* Duty
Did not engage me to be true t'you;
Nor ſhould I at this time preſume,
Into this Sacred Place *to come,*

If Buſineſs *of the laſt import,*
Were not, in truth, my Warrant *for't.*

The *Lyon*, tho' he knew the Creature
Was dangerous, and falſe by *Nature*,
And had been very oft found out,
The chief Abettor of the *Rout*;
Yet as the wiſeſt *Princes* uſe
No *Informations* to refuſe,
Gave him his *Paw* to kiſs, in token
That he was pleas'd with what h'ad (ſpoken.
The cunning *Caitiff* quickly finding,
The *Lyon* thought him worth the mind- (ing,
With all the formal *Art* and *Spite*
Of an accompliſh'd *Hypocrite*,
Proceeds: *Dread Sir, the time is loſt,*
When we of our own Merits boaſt:
I therefore ſhall avoid Recital
Of *what I've done, ſince you* requite all
Nay

Nay, more than all, in granting me
This unexpected liberty.

To this replies the *Royal Brue*,
I will not enter a Diſpute,
What is your Merit *or* Demerit;
What Vice *or* Virtue *you* Inherit:
But ſince your Duty, *as you ſay*,
And Conſcience *too, brought you this way*,
And, as I think, you hint moreover,
That you have ſomething to diſcover;
I ſhould be glad, and thank you too,
If that Propoſal *you'd purſue*;
And if I find it Truth, *depend*,
I ſhall eſteem you as my Friend.

Quoth *Reynard* then, my Liege, *May't please you*,
I will with no Preamble *teaze you.*
You muſt remember, not long ſince,
That you alone walk'd out from hence;

And I believe have not forgot,
That 'gainſt your Life there was a Plot.
In this Caſe, Sir, I muſt ſpeak plain,
You'ad then undoubtedly been ſlain,
If I myſelf had not been nigh,
And caution'd you aloud to fly.
I was that Treacherous Beaſt, *I own,*
To ſave your Life, expos'd my own;
Which I ſhould now forbear to mention
Were I not under apprehenſion,
That you're in danger, for I'll prove,
That you can never ſtir nor move,
But you have ſome about you lurking,
And are for your deſtruction *working.*

The gen'rous Brute, tho' prepoſſeſt,
With the true Character of the *Beaſt*,
And knowing that the formal *Saint*,
Would *Lye* and *Swear*, *Cant* and *Recant*,

Yet having *Knowledge* and *Foreſight*,
That ſomething that he ſpoke was right,
Thought it adviſable to hear,
The utmoſt he could make appear.

Reynard, ſays he, *I cannot doubt*,
But you ſome Secrets *have found out*,
And won't believe, as Matters ſtand,
That you will now act underhand:
The Time *and* Place *I recollect*,
When I my ſafety *did ſuſpect*,
And heard ſome Beaſt, with all his Might
Cry out, you have no way but flight,
To ſave your Life, yet to ſpeak true,
I leaſt of all ſuſpected you;
Who, by the Accounts *I've often had*,
Would for my Ruine *be right glad*.

Says Reynard, *'Twou'd, my Lord, (be dull*,
And argue me a very Fool,

To ſpend my Time and Breath to ſtop,
Of ev'ry ſenſeleſs Mouth the gap;
And therefore, Sir, to let that paſs,
And come directly to the Caſe:
When you ran to the Wood *for ſhelter,*
I ſaw the People, Helter Skelter,
Come from the Town, *with each a Club,*
Deſign'd your Royal Hide *to drub.*
On this occaſion, Sir, I muſt
To you *and to my ſelf be juſt.*
My Lord, I *thought no remedie,*
But either you *or* I *muſt die;*
And as yours is a Life divine,
And worth ten thouſand ſuch as mine,
I thought in Conſcience I could do
No leſs, than venture it for you.
The manner how I 'ſcap'd, and how
I found the Plot, *you muſt allow*
Miraculous, but as I ſcorn
Gainſt Fellow Creatures *to Inform,*

I beg

I beg you will no Queſtions *aſk,*
For that's the moſt ungrateful Taſk.

And thus, to cover his *Deſign,*
Did this deceitful *Varlet whine.*
Till the poor *Beaſt,* whoſe only *Fence*
Was an unguarded *Innocence,*
Began to think his artful Tongue,
Went with his Heart and Thoughts *along.*

Hard is the *Fate* of that poor King,
When *Traytors Informations* bring,
And harder yet when they muſt truſt
A *Villain* that they know unjuſt:
Such was this *Lyon*'s deſp'rate Caſe,
He knew this *Fox* a *Traytor* was,
Yet he had cook'd his *Information,*
In ſuch a formal handſome faſhion,
And back'd it with ſuch Facts to boot,
He could not help but liſten to't.

Reynard, ſays he, *upon my credit,*
If any other Beaſt *had ſaid it,*
I ſhould not have believ'd a jot,
Or the leaſt tittle of a Plot;
But you ſo plain have made it ont,
That I ſhould be to blame to doubt:
And if for me you've that Obedience
As you're bound to by Allegiance,
I do expect that you'll declare
The Plot, *and who the* Plotters *are.*

Here the perfidious Sycophant,
Begins again to *Howl* and *Cant:*
On you our Liberties *depend,*
And with your Safety Ours *muſt end,*
And he's, a falſe unworty Brute,
When you're in danger will be mute;
But as ſome things are better done
By other hands than by our own,

Some

Some other Beast *should make th' attack*,
And I'll be ready him to back:
Or if you think't a safer way,
I can you to a Place *convey,*
Where you unseen may hear and see
The Heads of this Conspiracy.

Saith the good Beast, *I like your last*
Proposal better than your first,
And therefore, Reynard, *I determine*
To go my self and seize the Vermin.
You say you can conduct me to
A Place where I unseen may go
And view this Juncto, *at a* Season
When they are met to hatch their Treason.
If so, and I can find 'em sitting,
I can take Measures *that are fitting,*
To frustrate, without loss of time,
What'er these Traytors *may design.*

The

The *Fox*, who ſaw the *Beaſt* ſo greedy
To take the *Bait*, replies, *I'm ready*,
Let loſs of Life *or* Limb *betide*,
My Liege, *to go and be your* Guide,
The worſt that I can apprehend,
The way is rough and may offend
Your Majeſty: but for the reſt,
Depend upon your faithful Beaſt.

The *Lyon*, whoſe too gen'rous Heart
Was free from all *Deſigns* and *Art*
To all he ſpoke gave as much credit,
As if the *Oracle* had ſaid it.
Hypocriſy, that curſed Sin,
Moſt often takes the beſt Men in;
A *Giſt* it is, not only able
To *Tantalize* and *chouſe* the *Rabble*,
But has a ſtrange *magnetick* Power,
To draw the *Great Ones* to its *Lure*;

And

And therefore 'tis, among the *Saints*,
The only *Sin* not pray'd againſt.
But to proceed, that we may come
Nearer to our *Concluſion:*
The cunning *Fox* the *Lyon* takes
Thro' unfrequented *Woods* and *Brakes*;
As *Thieves* do *Paſſengers* which they
Intend to *bind* and *ſtrip*, or *ſlay*;
Juſt ſo it happen'd, as you'll hear,
For as they travel'd, without fear,
He leads him to a *Place* they call,
In Country Language, a *Trapfall:*
He had no ſooner ſtep'd upon
This *Engine* of *Deſtruction*,
But through he falls into a *Pit*,
From whence he no ways out could get.
The *Fox* no ſooner ſaw him in,
But he began to *bark* and *grin*;
To *Rail*, *Demand*, and more to move
The *Royal Breaſt*, did thus reprove:

'Tis

'Tis doubtleſs for your Puniſhment,
This Judgment *by the* Gods *is ſent.*
Ye've been, I fear, too oft unjuſt
And with your Subjects broke your Truſt
Have ſtretch'd Prerogative *too high,*
And treſpaſs'd upon Property:
All which muſt be reſtor'd and mended
E're this Calamity be ended.

The *Beaſt*, whoſe noble Heart and Soul
No *Dangers*, no *Diſtreſs* controul,
To the baſe Varlet thus replies:
I Thee *and thy Advice deſpiſe,*
Tho' by my own Diſtreſs, *and thy*
Falſe Vows, *and* Oaths, *and* Flattery,
I'm hither brought, yet I determine,
Not to betray my Truſt, *falſe* Vermin,
Nothing ſhall make me do a Thing
Below the Glory *of a* King.

Quoth

Quoth Reynard, *Since you are ſo ſtout,*
I wont attempt to bring you out:
If you don't think a Compoſition
May be of uſe in your Condition,
Here you may lie and ſtarve *and* rot;
So to the brink o'th' Pit he got,
And in his filthy Tail he piſs'd,
And gave it in his Face a twiſt.

The *Royal Brute*, altho' a *Creature*,
Adorn'd with all the Gifts of *Nature*,
One that could ſuffer *Perſecution*,
And *Martyrdom* with Reſolution,
To be thus piſs'd upon and treated,
You muſt ſuppoſe was ſomething heated
He would have ſpoke, but as 'tis vain
For *Kings* in Priſon to complain,
So the poor *Beaſt* had no permiſſion
To repreſent his hard *Condition:*

For *Reynard*, like an artful *Traytor*,
Had ſo contriv'd and fix'd the Matter,
That all the *Tygers*, *Wolves* and *Bears*
Already were about his Ears.

His Tryal, Sentence, and his Death
Another Fable ſhall ſet forth,
VVhich I intend, to ſhew my Art,
To call this Fable's Second Part.

AN EPITAPH UPON King CHARLES I.

STay, *Paſſenger*, *ſtay and ſee*,
Intomb'd lies *Injur'd Majeſty*;
Why trembleſt not? here's that would (make
All but a *harden'd Rebel* quake.
A *King*! O! ſtarts thou not to hear
A *murder'd King* lies bury'd here?

Search

Search all the *Records* of old *Times*,
And muſter up all *Ages Crimes*,
And roll 'em up in one great Maſs,
'Twill fall far ſhort of what this was.
A *Monarch* ſentenc'd to his *Death*,
By *vulgar*, *baſe*, *Plebeian* Breath,
A *Lawgiver*, by *Laws* unknown,
Condemn'd to loſe his *Head* and *Throne*
Nay, and to make the *Odium* more,
This muſt be done at his own *Door*,
And all under the falſe *Pretence*
Of *Liberty* and *Conſcience*.

A ſhort LITANY *for the Year* 1649.

FRom all the *Miſchiefs* I ſhall menti-
(on here,
Preſerve us *Heaven* in this approaching
(Year,
From *Civil Wars*, and thoſe uncivil
(*Things*,
That hate the Race of all our *Queens*
and *Kings*:
From thoſe who, for ſelf-ends, would
(all betray;
From *Saints* that curſe and flatter
(when they *Pray*;
From thoſe that hold it *Merit* to *Rebel*,
In *Treaſon*, *Murders*, and in *Theft* excel

From

From those new *Teachers* have destroy'd (the old,
And those that turn the *Gospel* into (*Gold*;
From a *High-Court*, and that *Rebelli-* (*ous Crew*,
That did their Hands in *Royal Blood* (imbrue;
Defend us Heaven, and to the Throne (*restore*
The Rightful Heir, *and we will ask no* (*more.*

Upon

Upon the late Storm at the Death of the Uſurper, OLIVER CROMWEL, *revers'd out of Mr.* WALLER's *fine Piece of Flattery, by Mr.* BUTLER.

THen take him *Devil*! *Hell* his Soul (doth claim,
In Storms as loud as his *King-murther-* (*ing* Fame.
His cheating Groans and Tears has (ſhak'd this Iſle,
Cleft *Britain*'s Oaks, for *Britain*'s Fu- (neral Pile.

Now,

Now, at his *Exit*, Trees uncut are toſt
Into the Air; ſo *Fauſtus* once was loſt.
Rome miſt her firſt, ſo *London* her laſt
(King,
Both kill'd, then wept, and fell to wor-
(ſhipping.
We in a Storm of Wind our *Nimrod* loſt,
King'd him, and ſainted him, then curſt
(his Ghoſt.
In *Oeta*'s Flames thus *Hercules* lay
(dead.
In *VVorceſter*'s Flames, he on his ra-
(ving Bed,
He ſome ſcrag'd Oaks and Pines from
(Mountains rent,
This ſtole two brave Iſles from the Con-
(tinent;
Ravag'd whole Towns; and that his
(*Spaniſh* Theft
As a curſt Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Seas, which, with our Hopes, *God*
(had confin'd,
The *Devil* made too narrow for his
(Mind

Ou

Our Bounds enlargement was his great-
(eſt Toil,
He made our Priſon greater than our
(Iſle.
Under the Line our enſlav'd Cries are
(ſpoke,
And we and *Dunkirk* draw but in one
(Yoke.
From Broils he made, he beſt could diſ-
(engage:
From his own Head diverts our pur-
(chas'd Rage:
And by fine State-art, to his Country
(ſhow'd,
How to be *Slaves* at home, and *Thieves*
(abroad.
Confederate Uſurpers quake to ſee
The Grave not under the Pow'r of *Ty-*
(*ranny*;
Nature ſhrunk up at this great *Mon-*
(*ſter*'s Death,
And ſwell'd the Seas with much af-
(frighted Breath;
Then to the bounder'd Shore her Bil-
(lows roll'd,
The approaching Fate of *Europe*'s
(Troubles told.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

YEARS 49 and 50.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

Printed in the Year 1715.

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MEMOIRS OF THE YEARS 49 and 50.

SINCE the Liberty of the Subject, and Free Quarter; ſince new Lights, and Selling Malignants by an Inch of Candle, the World hath produced ſeditious *Mercuries* as faſt as **Derby-Houſe* ſpawn'd Committees, or Committees ſtarted Delinquents: For why do *Weſtminſter-Abbey* Lubbers ſit ſo long, but only to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could repreſent them black enough. The

* *A Houſe famous for their Meetings.*

fitteſt Emblem of the Parliament Houſe is a *Turkey Pie*; the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas! poor Infants! We muſt be whipt, yet not have Leave to cry: Kiſs the Rod that ſcourged you. Women in ſome Countries never love their Huſbands till they be well beaten by them: And certainly our *Reformers* would have us be as good-natur'd as their *Spaniels*; and indeed to what Purpoſe is Hue and Cry ſent after a Troop of Horſe? 'Twere ridiculous for a Conſtable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwell*, or make privy Search into *Lental*'s *Exchequer*; eſpecially ſince the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedemonian State*: For when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering muſt needs be be ſtatutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? Felony already is a Crime only in ſome ſilly Wretches, who are puniſhed for it; but Parricides are ſtill above the Reach of Juſtice. While two Armies murther, and impriſon, an honeſt Man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of Cannibals, a poor innocent *Cutler* ſhould be hang'd for grin-

grinding a *Stilletto*. *Pillories* are more cruel than *Scaffolds*, or perhaps *Prin*'s Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterbury*'s Head.

But Lord! To what an Height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequeſtration and Exciſe? Nay the primitive Zeal had almoſt melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themſelves. A Pſalm of Mercy is even deny'd the Chimes; and Maſculine *Tom of Lincoln* muſt be gelded into a roaring *Meg*. *Roundheads* and Atheiſts hate Superſtition, only *Cromwell* and the *Devil* are afraid of Croſſes.

'Tis well Churches ſurvived thus long; for ſince my Lord *Brook*'s Groom and Coachman propagated the Goſpel, Chriſtians were born in Stables only. So *Job* came to be a Saint, but upon a Dunghill; and why may not a ſanctified Whipſter be a Heaven-Driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Biſhops? Who would have thought that Snaphaunches and Basket-hilts were of Apoſtolical Inſtitution? Or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge

Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have Chriſtian Churches been converted into *Turkiſh* Moſques, and Abbies have been made Neſts for *Rooks* and *Daws*. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holydays muſt be aboliſhed, and ſo farewel *Saints* and *Angels*; all renounce *Whitſuntide*, and yet boaſt the *Holy Ghoſt*. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquiſhed by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is ſubdued by another Devil. Time's Sythe was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect *Roundhead*. But an Execution muſt have ſome Reprieve. All ſtickle for *Powder-Treaſon*; the Prentices reſcue *Shrove-Tueſday*, and the Suters muſt be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Obſervations? They can feaſt themſelves without a *Chriſtmaſs*, and ſtarve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Frydays*, and welcome Monthly Faſts: Adieu *Idolators*, and welcome *New Moons*. This ſtill Sow hath devoured more than all the *Biſhops Hoſpitality*. Their Idol Humiliation, like *Bell*, conſumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their

Their too much Faſting hath made them Cannibals. They can ſay Grace over *Mummy*, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Strafford*; as if they had abſtained only as Beaſts tyed up, that they might devour poor Martyrs more greedily, ſavagely; nay they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like *two Thieves*, wait upon their crucified Biſhop. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is Deſtruction both to their Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook*'s new Light at laſt blinded him: He was firſt made a Mole, and then earth'd; a fit End for the Underminer of a State! *Lucas* and *Liſle* were both revenged, ſince the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled. For as he was regenerate, ſo he dyed twice. 'Tis thought his Sea-Sickneſs purged the better Half away: The *Haddocks* had as good Breakfaſt as the *Worms*. *Craſſus* built a Sepulcher to his deceaſed *Lamprey*: And what was all his Funeral Pomp dedicated to, but an *Otter*? To be Mourners at the Death of a *Water-Rat*, is a Vanity beyond being Maudlin drunk. Why all theſe ridiculous Attendants? A ſingle Sculler is good enough

to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution Day. We ſee a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The *Worthy* was but two Wheels above an ordinary Villain, and differed only in the Blackneſs of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And moſt of the *Herces* are ſuch twiſted Pieces, one knows not from which Part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alchoran* writes *Prophets*, others think *Impoſtors*. The Devil will ſtill be black, though the *Indians* paint him white. All their Patrons dye, like *John Huſs*, both Hereticks and Saints; nor can we diſcern whether 'tis a Martyr, or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say*'s Sanctity is ſomewhat like his Son *Nat*'s Valour. The Jewel hath too much of *Briſtol* in it. The Dog in the Tower, though Proof againſt Lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly Thing is the Sign of the *Hand Bible!* What a devout Company of Saints are *Rebecca*, her *Book*, her *Pattens*, and her *Stool?* For all muſt together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing Houſe. I wonder ſhe is never apprehended for carry-

carrying Burthens on the Sabbath Day. Well, this *Coif* and *Cross-cloth*, this *blew-apron'd Saint*, is as much in the Church as the Parson's *Hour-Glass*, the *Hassocks*, or the People that are buried there. Nor will she tire with a single Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin*'s to *Tillin*'s, and hold out killing of a Brace or two, and all long Courses. Thus are they carryed from Ordinance to Ordinance, like Beggars from one Church to another, that they may ply at both Places.

And what are their *Levites*, but their *Friers-Mendicants* for both the Houses? Not a *Sunday* since the Combustion, past without a Brief. How oft have they pick'd our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland*? This Knack hath been as beneficial as their Plundering: As much hath been gotten by a *Good Your Worship*, as by *Stand and Deliver*. We could never get out of the Church without a Composition: The *Parson's Application* was certainly directed to our *Purse*: Every Motive strain'd our *Pockets*, and the last Use was an Use of *Sequestration*. See how the Pulpit-Dueliſt fights with *Bellarmine*? How he sweats and toils, plays

out all his Weapons, (and you may be ſure) hath got the better; but after with an Addreſs to the Spectators to throw him ſome Money.

Well, who's for *Aldermanbury*? You would think a *Phœnix* preached there; but that Birds will flock after an *Owl* as faſt; and a Foot-ball in cold Weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant *Dog-Day Zealots*. But 'tis worth the Crouding to hear the *Baboon* expound, like the *Ape* taught to play on the *Cittern*. You would think the Church as well as Religion, were inverſed, and the Anticks which were uſed to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet theſe Apiſh Tricks muſt be the Motions of the Spirit; his Whimſie Meagrim muſt be an Extaſy, and Dr. *Gooding* his Palſey make him the Father of the ſanctified Shakers. Thus amongſt *Turks* Dizzineſs is a divine Trance; Changlings and Ideots are the chiefeſt Saints; and 'tis the greateſt Sign of Revelation, to be out of one's Wits.

Inſtead of a Dumb Shew, enter the *Sermon Dawbers*. O what a gracious Sight is a *Silver Ink-horn!* How bleſſed a Gift

a Gift is it to write *Short Hand!* What neceſſary Implements for a Saint, are *Cotton*, *Wool*, and *Blotting Paper?* Theſe Dablers turn the Church into a Scrivener's Shop. A Country Fellow laſt Term miſtook it for the *Six Clerks Office*. The Parſon looks like an Offender upon the *Scaffold*; and they penning his *Confeſſion*, or a *Spirit* conjured up by their uncouth Characters: By his Cloak you would take him for the *Prologue* to a *Play*; but his Sermon, by the Length of it, ſhould be a *Taylor's Bill*: And what treats it of, but ſuch *Buckram*, *Fuſtian Stuff?* What a deſperate *Green Sickneſs* is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on *Coals* and *Diet*, and ſuch *rubbiſh Divinity?* Muſt the *French* cook our Sermons too? And are *Frogs*, *Fungo's*, and *Toad-Stools*, the chiefeſt Diſh in the Spiritual Collation? Strange *Iſraelites!* that cannot diſtinguiſh between *Mildew* and *Manna*. Certainly in the brighteſt Sunſhine of the *Goſpel* Clouds are the beſt Guides; and *Woodcocks* are the only Birds of Paradiſe. I wonder how the ignorant *Rabbies* ſhould differ ſo much, ſince moſt of their Libraries conſiſt only

of

of a *Concordance*. The *Wiſemens* Star doubtleſs was an *Ignis fatuus* in a *Church-Yard*; and it was ſome ſuch *Will o'th' Wiſp* ſteer'd prophetical *Saltmarſh*, when riding Poſt to Heaven, he loſt his Way in a Foreſt. Indeed their rare Gifts have one Property of the Spirit to be inviſible, and ſo much of Revelation, as not to be underſtood, like the Muſick of the Spheres, never to be heard.

But Cyphers may make an Aſſembly, though no Number: And what can we expect from an *A B C Synod*, but a *Catechiſm*? *Mount Sion* hath at laſt brought forth a *Mouſe*, though it was long enough in Spawning to have been an *Elephant*. They have Reformation, *Paul's* Work; and O may they have a *Scaffold* for their Pains! For what have they given us for *Lawn-Sleeves*, but *Sackcloth* and *Miſery*? Inſtead of *Liturgies* they have brought upon us all thoſe Afflictions we there prayed againſt. The *Church*, while beautiful, was *the Whore of Babylon*: their *Zeal* was never hot enough, till it ſcorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair Weather forſooth, has almoſt ſtarved us. Seven Years Purging would

kill

kill an *Hercules*. To be always ſnuffing, muſt at laſt put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them that dare article the *Creed*, and attempt to reform the *Apoſtles*? Theſe will ſhrive the whole *Bible*, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c. ſo long backwards, that they have made ſome believe 'twas Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliament's *Spiritual Block-Houſe*, and the Prolocutor was the *Speaker's* Echo. All the Divines, like Prieſts of old, were inſpired from *Vaults*, and the *Lower Houſe*.

Oh! how ſweetly did the *Syren* Repreſentative ſing at firſt? How quickly it brought forth Deſtruction, and proved a Monſter! *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five Years; and this Butter-print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night: For what have our precious States done, but cured and ſmother'd little Diſeaſes with the Plague? They have redreſs'd the *Counter*, and by all their Reformations, made the Kingdom at laſt truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them; and by ſpinning backward they have made Ropes

for

for their own Necks. Silly Conjurers! who have raiſed a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Leaſe of your Dominion is out. Face about! Now the Fiend muſt be Maſter. Thus ſhall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles puniſh the Synods Sacrilege; Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Iſraelites*.

Who would have thought there would have been a Reformation beyond *Root* and *Branch*? Or that there ſhould be ſuch Antipathy between a *Spider* and a *Toad*? Soldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating and Deſtruction. This *April* (they ſay) ſhall diſſolve a *Triennial Parliament*, adjourn Eternity, and put an End to Perpetuity. *Cromwell* hath *Wolves* enough to ſilence the *Speaker*, and make *Lental* a Dumb-Dog. Alas poor *Directory!* Thou muſt give up the Ghoſt too; the *Spirit* muſt the Way of all Fleſh. Now Law it ſelf muſt be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine Humour would it be to ſee *Wild Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Soldiers, and *Rolls* coach it up *Holbourn*, inſtead of *Fleetſtreet*? O! that they may have their Coifs

Coifs all turn'd into Night-Caps; and inſtead of old Women, become proper Men. Since the Members Regent were in Durance, the two Houſes like the Repreſentations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the Diſtinction of Upper and Lower? *Cromwell* will ſerve both for *King of Hell*, and *Prince of the Air*. *Warwick* for all his Juggling, may perhaps ſuffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a Leveller, he fetter'd the Seas: And why may not theſe put the *Admiral* in Chains? *Prin*'s Head muſt after his Ears; and the *Speaker*'s Baggs will e'er long prove him a *Judas*: My Lord *Say*'s white Powder is no longer ſilent and innocent, but muſt ſubmit to *Cromwell*'s black: *Pembroke* may be viſited, and *Mancheſter* univerſity'd; one is not Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be ſecure. And indeed theſe are Saints in Compariſon of *Cromwell*'s Lifeguard. *Hammond* is a Chriſtian compared with *Rolf*. The Head Quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*. The Soldiers are not good enough for Gibbets. In their Reformation the Gallows is under Perſecution, and *Tyburn* ſuffers Martyrdom. Not one

one of *Peter's* 1500 Saints, but may with St. *Francis* give Place to the Devil. If theſe propagate the Goſpel, it muſt be as the Painter finiſhed his Picture by defacing it, when the Spunge did the Work of hit Pencil. To hope for Reformation from Levellers, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect Beauty from a *Negro*. *Agitators* are as good *Phyſick for a ſick Church or State*, as *Chips of the Gallows* are for the *Ague*. There is not a Soldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, that being ſooner lowſy than his Linnen. They void their Principles at every Sermon; nor do they go to Church, but to Stool. And well may they part with them ſo eaſily, ſince their Religion is no better than toaſted Cheeſe: Every Man is his own Cook; each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Prieſt and Soldier; Revelations are ſo common, that the Spirit is become a meer *Familiar*. You may be of all Religions, but the *Proteſtant*, as the *Pagans* worſhip all Gods but the true one; as if that Uniformity did not become the Church, as well as Confuſion, and the Surplace was not as handſome

ſome as the Beggar's Coat. *Roſſiter* is a *Jew* Extraordinary *circumciſed*, Root and Branch. *Martin*'s Paradice is the ſame with *Mahomet*'s, his Heaven is only a *Seraglio*. *Cromwell* may paſs for a *Pope Joan*, or the Whore of *Babylon*, and differs only thus much from a Papiſt; they torment themſelves, he other Folks. He believes his Merits ſo far, that he thinks he ſhall be ſaved by Villanies, and go to *Heaven*, like *Hercules* and *Theſeus*, becauſe he hath been in *Hell*. Indeed all of them are religious Mimicks, devout Vizards; and if Sanctity be *Snot* or the *Pox*, and ſeated in the Noſe, they are as perfectly God's Apes, as the Devil is. Theſe zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, though in Hell, mounts upwards.

And thus we ſee who firſt began
This Monſter Reformation;
A Set *of vile amphibious* Creatures,
Of diff'rent Shapes and diff'rent Natures.
For e'er that civil Broils *broke out*,
Religion *ſpawn'd a numerous Rout*

Of

Of Vermin, that from Putrefaction
Deriv'd their firſt and ſole Extraction;
Who now like Toads *againſt wet Weather,*
Gender and croak, and ſprawl together.

But they are Angels, only that they may be Devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk* till he be a *Chriſtian.* They put on Religion to murder the *King,* as that damn'd *Monk* poiſon'd the *Emperor* with the *Euchariſt.* They bring in Reformation as the old Poets did their Gods, to conclude their Tragedy more eaſily. Bloody Conſpiracies are always ſhrouded under Leagues: When a Maſſacre is intended, they chime all into *Sicilian Veſpers.* When they cry out, *the Church! the Church!* they mean our Grave. What Degrees of Miſery are flung upon us! After a Parliament comes an Army: Rods are turned into Scorpions. We have all theſe Years been almoſt ridden to Death by *Night Mare,* and now muſt be tormented with *Devils.* Had we wakd in time, we might have diſmounted that Load but nothing now under a Miracle, can diſpoſſeſs us of theſe Legions

gions; these *Turks* shall enjoy the *Holy Land*, while we poor *Jews* sojourn at Home, and live Strangers in our own Country. They level others, but advance themselves. Angels descend, but 'tis the Devil's Posture to be raised up. All who have kept their Innocency, must be stript, whilst these Buff-Sinners flaunt it in Beast-Skins.

These Saints *in* Masquerade *would have us*
Sit quietly whilst they enslave us:
And what is worse, by Lies *and* Cants,
Would trick us to believe 'em Saints;
And tho' by Fines *and* Sequestration,
They've pillag'd and destroy'd the Nation,
Yet still they bawl for Reformation.

But *Cromwel* wants neither Wardrobe nor Armour: His Face was natural Buff, and his Skin may furnish him with a rusty Coat of Mail. You would think he had been christned in a Lime-pit, and tann'd alive, but his Counte-

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nance ſtill continues mangy. We cry out againſt Superſtition, and yet worſhip a Piece of Wainſcot, and idolize an unblanch'd Almond. Certainly 'tis no Human Viſage, but the Emblem of a *Mandrake*, one ſcarce handſom enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelp'd him when ſhe was a *Bitch*. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a *Jewel* in the Head of a *Toad*? Yet this *Baſilisk* would *King* it, and a *Brewer's Horſe* muſt be a *Lyon*.

In Cromwel Art *and* Nature *ſtrive,*
Which ſhould the ugliеſt Thing contrive;
Firſt Nature forms an ill-ſhap'd Lump,
And Art to ſhew how good Wits jump,
Adds to his monſtrous Shape *and* Size
All Sorts and Kinds of Villanies;
So that he was by Art *and* Nature
An ugly, vile *and* monſtrous Creature.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he ſhould claſh; for they are both Cul-

of the ſame ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill carved as that Goblin painted. The Grandam Bear ſure had bliſter'd her Tongue, and ſo left him unlick'd. He looks like a Snail with a Houſe upon his back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a natural Snapſack, and may both ſerve for Tinker and Budget too. Nature intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore clapt a Bias upon him. His Mother long'd for Pumpions; he was begotten in a Cupping-Glaſs, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath diſordered the Symetry of the *Microcoſm*, ſunk one Mountain, and put up another. One would think a Mole had crept into his Carcaſs becauſe 'tis laid in a Church-Yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the viſible Type of *Æneas* boulſtering up his Father, or ſome *Beggar Woman* endorſed with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for St. *Chriſtopher*, with the Devil at his Back. O that *Knot-Graſs* ſhould purge the Kingdom! We muſt be ridden by a *Camel*, and reformed by the Sign of the *Dolphin*: You would think that he were

levelled

levelled ſufficiently. But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the Wall, though it be built with a Buttreſs,

Sir Samuel, *whoſe very ſight wou'd*
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood,
Was one of thoſe who firſt march'd out
To raiſe a Regimental Rout.
Have you not ſeen an old Baboon,
From Chain broke looſe leap up and down,
Such was our Champion's antick Zeal
For Parliament *and* Commonweal.

But *Harvey* is not ſo much for levelling the Men, as *Martin* the Women. Look to your *Jane Shores*, you *Lombard-Street* Men. He brings no Maiden Troops: This is no Eunuch General. The Stallion is of ſo prodigious an Itch, you would think he had been gotten of *Lot*'s Wife, after ſhe was turned into a Pillar of Salt. He is the Bane of *Guiacum*, and the Deſpair of *Syrenges*: So excellently gifted for a Conventicle, that he will edifie you out of *Cornelius* his Tub.

Tub. Are the godly Ones like Sacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt? Is there no way to deſtroy the *Whore of Babylon*, but by a *Town Bull*? Strange that none of the *Luthers* can reform without Nuns! Dr. *Burgeſs*, forſooth, muſt have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the Goſpel without *Marrow-bones*, without the help of *Lamb-ſtones*, and the *Butcher's Wife*.

Harvey, *that ſneaking, ſenceleſs* Elf,
Would level *all Men but himſelf*;
And there's that Stallion Martin, *who*
Levels *both* Men *and* Women *too*.
Burgeſs *and* Peters *Day by Day*,
For Marrow-bones, and Lamb-ſtones pray.
A very hopeful Reformation,
When ſuch as theſe muſt Rule *the* Nation.

Martin is not ſo great a Sinner againſt one Commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will overthrow him half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Spetine's* Pictures moraliz'd, the other for

for the Covenant incarnate. *Martin for a Knight of the burning Peſtle, and* Pembroke *for a Knight of the Poſt.* This *Hercules*, inſtead of a Worthy, is nothing but an Adverb of Swearing. He ſwallows the Covenant as eaſily as an ordinary *Dam-me.* This Landskip, this Map of Nobility, differs as much from a true *Britain* as a *Montgomery* Beecon from a Star, or a *Welch Leak* from Saint *David*: Yet rather than not be famous for ſomewhat, he will murther the Universities, like that Villain who burnt *Diana*'s Temple to get himſelf a Name. This is the ſecond Part of *Mancheſter* of the ſame Tune, *Kimbolton* of the Second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a *Roaſted Pig.* He carries a dull, foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, though it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an Univerſity than Monkies in a Glaſs-Shop: He would make an excellent *Chancellor* for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers.* His own Houſe is an *Academy* for Hawks and

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Spanels, and an Hoſpital for many Cures, Glanders, and the Faſhions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderneſs at home, and is ſo much given to his brutiſh Society, that you would take him for a *Nebuchadnezzar* turn'd Beaſt. *Oldſworth* is his Crony, becauſe his Four-Legged Animal: For what are *Michael* and his Lordſhip but a blind Man and his Dog? Any kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as ſuch Earls. Some Dogs ſcorn *Cromwel*'s Health, and will not eat, but for King *Charles*. Though Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been ſtoried Loyaliſts, and Linguiſts too, the blind Whelp hath not Docility enough to know his Maſter. Yet ſhall he be the Peoples Idol too, and a reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the Elect, though he is not ſo much a Chriſtian as the Thorn at *Glaſſenbury*.

Pembroke's *a* Covenanting Lord,
That ne'er with God or Man kept word,
One Day he'd ſware he'd ſerve the King,
The next was quite another Thing;

Still changing with the Wind *and* Tide,
That he might keep the ſtronger Side.
His Hawks *and* Hounds *were all his Care,*
For them he made his daily Prayer,
And ſcarce would loſe a hunting Seaſon,
Even for the ſake of darling Treaſon.
Had you but heard what Thunderclaps
Broke out of his and Oldſworth's *Chaps,*
Of Oaths and horrid Execration,
Oft with, but oftner without Paſſion,
You'd think theſe Senators *were ſent*
From HELL, *to ſit in* Parliament.

But why may not my Lord billet in Heaven, as well as *Will. Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradice, rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed for theſe that change Religion every Year, the fitteſt Goſpel is an *Almanack*. But who would take theſe Star-gazers for the wiſe Men? Well, wiſe Men they muſt be: for the Queſtion is, Whether of *Greece*, or *Go-tham*

tham? O the Infallibility of *Erra Pater*, *Lilly*! The Wizard, perhaps, may do much at Hotcockles, and gueſs well at Blindmans-Buff; but I durſt undertake to poſe him with a Riddle, and ſtand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An over-turned Salt is a ſurer Prophet. The Sieve and Shears are Oracles to him. A whining Pig ſees further into a Storm. Rats will prognoſticate the Ruin of a Kingdom with more certainty. And as for Palmeſtry, a Gypſie or Derrick may be his Tutor. The Wittal is Cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who being conſulted to diſcover a Thief, could not diſcover who had ſhit at her own Door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling Things paſt, and calculates the *Deputy's* Nativity after he is beheaded, and then by ſtarting a Propheſy, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antidate *Cromwel's* ſwift Malice, depoſe the King five Years before-hand, and inſtruct *Rolf* how to be damn'd. Impious Villains! to make the Spheres like the Aſſociated Counties, and the heavenly

Houſes ſo many lower Houſes, fix a Guilt upon the Stars, and perſuade the Planets are Rebels, as if it were a Sequeſtration-Star, or any Conſtellation looked like a Committee. Away with your Bulls and Bears! Should we be ſubject to their Influence, each Conſtellation would make a Man a Beaſt, every Planet a wandering *Jew*. What fit Inſtruments are Aſtrologers for Rebels! Heaven as well as *Pauls* is made a Stable. Their Propheſies are, like Pictures, commendable, becauſe they look every way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much Truth to the *Turks* as the *States*: They are all born under *Gemini*; every Prediction is a Twin. Oracles muſt ſtill ſpeak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent muſt have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has Chriſtened him an Ape of Hell. *Merlinus Angelicus* is nothing but an Engliſh Devil. He might ken all *Phænomenes* upon Earth better; would he for Prey, like the Kite, deſcend. What are all our new Lights, but ſo many prodigious Meteors exalted, perhaps from Dung-

Dunghils, admired a while for Stars, and are found only Slime and Jelly? *Cromwel*'s Noſe is a Comet in Grain, and the grand Eclipſe certainly is no *Common Council*.

Hooker *and* Lilly *with their Lies,*
Are hir'd to blind the Peoples Eyes,
And caſt a miſt before their Reaſon,
That they Might not diſtinguiſh Treaſon.
The Stars all o're the Firmament,
Are call'd to vouch their black Intent,
And to denounce the ſpeedy Doom
Of the whole Race of Kings to come.

If the *Londoners* have not by this time enough of Parliament, may they ſtill fight with Images, and adore a Repreſentative; ſtill quarrel with Superſtition, and worſhip the Hoſt of Heaven: They will at leaſt perceive what kind of Phyſick is Reformation, and being drunk once a Month. Sure all the Women in the City are with-Child by *Martin*, and ſo longed for Libellers.

For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Biſhops? Muſt *Abel* ſtill ſuffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his Holineſs was the Pope, and Juſtice on *Prin*'s Ears a Piece of *Auricular Confeſſion*. Their Deputy, forſooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor Aſs for drinking up the Town-Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit Knight* vanquiſh his *Idol Grove*: So may the *George* on Horſeback ſubdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their victorious Gambols, both Man and Horſe become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for your *No-Plum-Pottage?* Nay, What hath all your Plate got you but Iron-Sides? Examine all your Preſſures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not ſo rank as Exciſe for T---s. The Dunghil is ſweeter than the Jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended Soldiers were your Maſters, the Livery-Men walk as if they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turn'd Delinquent, what doth the Lord Mayor but ride the Horſe? And what are Aldermen but ordinary Red-coats?

Thus

Thus the Parliament, like the *Spaniards* fatal Room, inſtead of Treaſure hath coined Deſtruction and Invaſion. Like ſilly Mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a Star, and ſo ſplit yourſelves on your own Security.

And will you Londoners *be ſtill*
Cuckolds and Rebels 'cauſe you will;
What have you for your Wealth and Pains
But broken Bones and knock'd-out Brains?
You ſee this bleſſed Reformation,
At laſt muſt end in Deſolation;
And that to take you Man by Man,
You're ten times worſe than you began.

But the *States* have redeemed all their Treaty: Yet that was but a Death-bed Repentance; they laid down their Commiſſion juſt before they were to be caſhiered. The *Turks* impriſoned their Emperour, or King: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *Charles* muſt ſuffer more than any one ſingle Perſon can inflict. Levellers heat the

Fire ſeven times hotter. No Money, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any thing from Hell but *Lethe*. Theſe *Medes* and *Perſians* are unalterable: *Daniel* muſt to the Lions Den, *Hurſt-Caſtle*. What can ſucceed the Dungeon but Execution? What can a King expect but Death who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement tranſlates him out of the World. *Cæſar*'s Tragedy is beſt preſented in the Senate. *Weſtminſter*, alas! is the ready Way to the Tombs.

But now the fatal Period's come,
Charles *muſt prepare for* Martyrdom:
Theſe Levellers know no Remourſe,
But he muſt murder'd be in Courſe;
And to exalt the Crime the more,
This muſt be done at his own Door.

Cromwell muſt triumph with the Ax before him, though that, as of old, ſhould be properly directed by the Conqueror. *Lilly* can prognoſticate no fair Weather till the Sun ſet red. The Queen muſt ſubmit to Mother *Shipton*, and *Charles* be murthered to fulfil old Propheſies.

pheſies. Thus ſtill Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The King can never pleaſe them till he looks, as in his Coin (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Moloch* Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the Devil's Altars) and ſacrifice Men for pure innocent Ones. They cry out againſt Idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in Superſtition. As the Covenant was ſealed from the Biſhops Veins, ſo Levelling muſt be ratified by the *Blood Royal*. The *Presbyter* of the two proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the Independant as a Tinker from his more ſavage Trull. One ſtript and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat: One ſilenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other made them ring for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Blood, only this *Pilate* would waſh his Hands. *Presbytery* made him an Anchorite and *Independence* a Martyr. This kills *Charles*, and that his King. To prepare the Ax is little better than to give the Blow.

The Presbyter *and* Independant
Had in their Turns been both aſcendant;
And tho' the latter got the Saddle,
The former did him firſt diſable;
From whence upon the whole we note,
One bound him, t'other cut his Throat;
And 'tis in Law almoſt the ſame,
To lend the Sword as kill the Man.

Now we ſee what 'tis to made a glorious King by Rebels; what the Devil's Landskip means, when it promiſes all the Kingdoms of the Earth. In the Trial, as at the general Dooms-Day, all appear naked. Now there is none diſguiſed, but by *Gray*, or the Hangman; henceforth take heed of Vizards, though never ſo holy. Murthers are but committed in Maſquerade, but yet all their Slaughters are Expiations, and their Hands are the whiter for being waſhed in Blood. They muſt be thought *Iſaacs* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Iſraelites*, but thoſe that

that have the Blood of their *Moſes* on their Door. Thus they can ſin, and yet preſerve their Saintſhips. As *Mahomet*'s Paradice is both a Brothel-houſe and a Nunnery: His Virgins wore it, and yet continue Veſtals; are heavenly Bawds, and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at laſt why Plays went down; *to wit*, that Murthers may be acted in earneſt. Stages muſt admit no Scaffolds, and perſonated Tragedies to real ones. Mock Shews of Cruelty are but poor Feaſts to their fleſhed Appetites; Leeches will ſuck no Pictures. They hate all Images and Fables, but muſt murder the King in Sincerity and Truth: No need of heightning Revels. Theſe *Herods* can behead without the Allurements of a Dance. Theſe Tragedians have ourvied Invention, and acted what Monſters in their moſt monſtrous Wiſhes could hardly reach. The Head and Members have but one Neck; our compendious *Caligula*'s have diſpatched not only the King but the Kingdom too at a blow.

A thouſand Ages *yet to come,*
Shall mourn, great Charles, *thy* Martyr-
dom;
And if the Muſe can ought foretel,
Thy Sons ſhall cruſh this Crocodile.
Oh! may I live to hail that Day,
And ſing loud Poeans in the way;
When their Return ſhall free this Nation,
From future Fears of Uſurpation.

The Thief's beſt Play is to kill the Judge; and great Robberies are ſeldom committed without Blood: Or elſe what Wolves but would have tended ſuch a *Romulus?* Such an *Elias*, what ominous Ravens but would have fed? A Prince! whoſe Goodneſs might rather fear Idolatry than Injury; deſerved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a Saint, than murthered. A Prince! whoſe Merits were ſo above all Flatteries, that the odlieſt Courtier was as ſcandalous as *Peters*; and *Encomiums* defamed as much as that *Rabſhecah* of *no more Addreſſes.*

ſes. His Sight, his Wiſdom was at firſt eclipſed, but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Lightning; and whom he could not illuminate, at laſt he ſcared into a Belief: But ſtill he ſhewed more of the *Dove* than the *Serpent*; and 'twas the Want of Gall that made him loſe his Head. When Waſps and Hornets uſurp the Hive, the Royal Bee ſuffers, becauſe without a Sting. They turned Wolves, becauſe the Lion was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to ſlay, but have his Throat cut; and he now muſt bleed for not bleeding ſeven Years before. Tumults forc'd him hence, and the laſt great Tumult murder'd him.

Thus, thus he dies a Prince, whoſe Innocence had taught Poiſon Allegiance, made Piſtols Royaliſts, and kept *Rolf* from being curſed: A Prince for whom *Hotham* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Priſoner, and *Shimei Prin* undertook a Vindication. *Hammond* at laſt becomes a Captive to his Charge. The good Apoſtle converts his Goaler. He diſarms the Rebels even with his Fetters, and like the Hand of Providence, is then moſt powerful when it is thought moſt weak. He

ſubdues

ſubdues, as if the Caſtle were not his Priſon, but his Fort. 'Tis a Queſtion whether he was more miraculous for curing Diſloyalty, or the Evil. *Hammond*'s Blindneſs was as deſperate as the Woman's. He diſpoſſeſſes ſo faſt, *Cromwel* can ſcarce find Devils enough to bait the Exorciſt. Let the Vipers but kiſs his Hand, and they are innocent. Had *Bradſhaw* that condemned him been longer on the Bench, or ſingle, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive Ark. But O! at the Scaffold he engroſſes Miracles. There he chriſtens by Wholeſale. That one Blow ſlew more Rebels than all theſe ſeven Years. Our *Sampſon* though, ſhaved both Hair and Head away, killed more *Philiſtines* at his Death, than all his Life-time. Now they would ſwear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage to a dipt Hankerchief. They adore his very Ghoſt, and will atone their Rebellion, by being Subjects now there is no King. And who cannot continue loyal to ſuch a King, that dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuſe to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a Chriſtian better than moſt Divines

Divines can deſcribe one; and bleſſed Doctrines more freely than they can ſpeak them. He ſhewed Graces the Schoolmen ſcarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the Scaffold in an Hour, than from the Pulpit in an Age. His Paſſion was greater than all Queen *Mary*'s Days; and he ſuffered more than all the *Book of Martyrs*.

If murd'ring Kings *be* meritorious,
And the right Way to make 'em Glorious;
To ſhew the utmoſt they could do,
They murder King and Kingdom *too;*
And as they ſay good Deeds are beſt
That are more ſecret than the reſt,
That they in no reſpect might err,
They mask the Executioner.
But ſome give this a diff'rent Turn,
And argue with Revenge and Scorn,
That theſe immortal Rogues in grain
Murder'd the King purely for Gain;
That they might ſeize on his Dominions,
And parcel it among their Minions.

Other

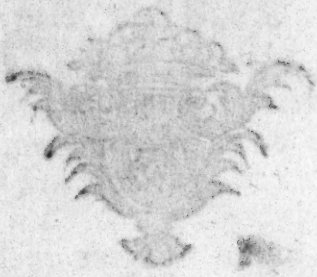
Others there are pretend to know,
That Reprobate that gave the Blow,
Had neither Modeſty nor Grace,
Altho' he hid his Villain's Face.
I rather think the Caſe lay here,
He was afraid ſome Cavalier
Might know him, and be ſo uncivil,
To ſend him headlong to the Devil.

THE
Earl of PEMBKOKE's
SPEECHES
In the Time of the
Grand Rebellion.

Written by

Mr. *Samuel Butler.*

Printed in the Year 1715.



The Earl of PEMBROKE's *SPEECH in Parliament, on* Monday *the* 19th *of* December, 1642, *concerning Accommodation.*

MY LORDS,

I Have not uſed to trouble you with long Speeches, I know I am an ill Speaker; but though I am no Scholar, I am an honeſt Man, and have a good Heart to my King and Country.

I have more to loſe than many of theſe who ſo hotly oppoſe an Accommodation: I will not forfeit mine Eſtate to ſatisfy their Humours or Ambitions. My Lords, 'tis time to look about us, and

and not to ſuffer our ſelves to be fooled out of our Lives, our Honours, and our Fortunes, to help thoſe Men, who when their Turns are ſerved, will deſpiſe us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A Fellow here of the Town, an ordinary, ſcurvy Fellow, told me the other Day to my Face, that he cared not if I leſt them to Morrow; nay, if all the Lords (except three or four that he named, and ſaid, he was ſure would not leave them) went to the King, they ſhould do their Buſineſs the better. Yet, my Lords, I think we have helped them: I am ſure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joined with them: I think the People would not have followed the Houſe of Commons, now they can do their Buſineſs without us: 'Twill be worſe ſhortly, if we do not look about us.

My Lords, we were told this Time Twelve-month, if we would put out the Biſhops out of the Lords Houſe, no farther Attempt ſhould be made upon the Church: I am ſure I was promiſed ſo, by ſome who would be thought honeſt Men; and when I told them it was

repor-

reported that they meant to take away Epiſcopacy, and the Book of Common-Prayer; they proteſted to me, that in the firſt they intended nothing, but to appoint ſome godly Miniſters to aſſiſt the Biſhops in Ordination, and ſome other things that I do not underſtand: And for the Book of Common-Prayer, they who were ſtricteſt againſt it, and would never be preſent at it, aſſured me, that if it were once confirmed by Act of Parliament, (for they ſaid many things were put into it by the Biſhops, without Authority) they would be content; and on my Conſcience ſo they would, if they had the Places they then look'd for.

Now nothing will content them, but no Biſhop, no Book of Common-Prayer; and ſhortly it will be, no Lords, no Gentlemen, and no Books at all, for we have Preachers already that can neither write nor read.

My Lords, I wonder what we ſhall get by this War; we venture more than other Men: I am ſure I venture more than Five Hundred of them; and the moſt I can look for, is to 'ſcape Undo-

ing

ing. What between being a Traytor, and being a Malignant, we have but a narrow Way to walk in: We hear every baſe Fellow ſay in the Street, as we paſs by in our Coaches, that they hope to ſee us a Foot ſhortly, and to be as good Men as the Lords; and I think they will be as good as their Words, if we take this Courſe.

They ſay they will have no Peace without Truth. Death! Have we no Truth? Have we lived all this while in Ignorance? I think our Fathers were as wiſe Men as they. Had we no Truth in Queen *Eliſabeth*'s Time? Have not all our famous learned Divines been able to teach us Truth, but muſt we learn it only out of Tubs?

My Lords, I am no Scholar, but I underſtand Men; and I had rather continue ignorant ſtill, than enjoy the Truth theſe Men would have. I have ſerved the King's Father, and Himſelf; and though I have been ſo unhappy as to fall into his Diſpleaſure, no Body ſhall perſwade me to turn Traytor; I have too much to loſe.

I am

I am a true Proteſtant, and I love the King and Kingdom; and I am ſure War is good for neither of them. I would every Bodies Faults were forgiven them; and I think we ſhould all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my Lords, let us have Peace; and if theſe Men will not conſent to it, let us think of ſome other Way to get it.

The Earl of PEMBROKE's *SPEECH to the House of* Peers, *when the* Lords *were accused of High-Treason*, 1647.

My Lords,

YOU know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my Lords) *Every Thing would fain live*; and now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head: I am accused for sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army: Alas! my Lords, I am an old Man, I must sit: You may ride or run any whither, but I am an old

old Man: You voted them Traitors who left the Houſe, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults: Do not you ſay ſo too? Were they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for ſtaying? 'Sdeath, my Lords, what wou'd you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor ſtay. I have ſerved you ſeven Years; what have you given me, unleſs Part of a Thankſgiving Dinner, for which you made me faſt once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Coſt, twice every Day, long before ſome of you were born: And this King continu'd, nay, out-did his Father, in heaping Favours upon me; yet (for your ſakes) I renounc'd my Maſter when he had moſt need of me; voted againſt him, ſwore againſt him, hired Men to fight againſt him: I confeſs I myſelf never ſtruck at him, nor ſhot at him, but I pay'd for thoſe that did: I gave my Tenants their Leaſes Fine-free, if they would riſe and reſiſt the King, and yet, my Lords, after all this, muſt I be a Traitor? Have not I ſworn for you over and over, and over again? You ſent

me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcaſtle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of Propoſitions; I brought them all ſafe and ſound; what you bid me ſay, I ſpake to a Syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commiſſion I ſhould not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an old Man: Remember how I ſtuck to you againſt *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; ſome of you ſhrunk at *Strafford*'s Trial, ſo that your Names were like to be poſted for Malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live. My Lord of *Northumberland*, and others would have no hand in his Blood; but I gave you the *caſting Voice*, that ſent him packing into another World, and yet now would you ſend me after him? Have not I ſat with you early and late? when the Parliament tumbl'd and toſs'd, and roll'd it ſelf on this ſide and on that ſide, ſtill I was for the Parliament: Tho' I ſtay'd here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the other Lords left

you in the Houſe, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return: but I ſtay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I Rejoyc'd with you, Faſted, Sung Pſalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who knew your Minds? If you meant I ſhould follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you I could run away by Inſtinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho' I ſay it) I thank God I have had as good Dogs as any in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone*; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 'S Death, my Lords, *'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whiſtling.*

But, perhaps, my Fault is not meer ſtaying here, but being active in your abſence; becauſe in my Robes and Collar of *S. S.* I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the Commons new Speaker. Why what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own

Couſin? Would your Lordſhips have me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert*'s Couſin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear ſome ſay, that I was forward to begin a new War; that my Hand is to all the Warrants for Liſting Men and Horſe, and in order thereunto I voted His Majeſty ſhould come to *London*. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'Twas only to chooſe a new Speaker. What! would ye have us dumb, and ſit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear Men to ſpeak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons muſt name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him: *No King, no Speaker*. And ſo I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then (my Lords) obſerve the Manner of his coming: The King was to come

come according to the *Covenant*; mark ye that. I was ſtill for my *Oaths*: Let him come when he will; if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good ſtay away: And yet Men cry ſhame on the *Covenant*. Thoſe that took it, caſt it up again; and thoſe that refuſe it, have given a world of Arguments that it is unreaſonable; which Reaſons our Aſſembly (like a Company of Raſcals) never yet anſwer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conſcience. Shall malignant Conſciences be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Conſciences are made of? But, my Lord, ſuppoſe this Oath be unreaſonable: Can we do nothing but we muſt give a Reaſon for it? This is as bad as the Houſe of Commons; who, when we deny to paſs any Ordinance, preſently ſend to know our Reaſons, tho' themſelves give no Reaſons for demanding ours; and ſo Malignants would have *reaſonable Oaths*: Only here's the Difference, the Houſe of *Commons* do uſe to demand Reaſons: Tho' I hold the *Covenant* is extream reaſonable; for

as ſome Malignants take it to ſave their *Eſtates*, ſo we give it to make them loſe their *Eſtates*; both love their *Eſtates*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords, we have Reaſon for this Oath, and your Lordſhips have no Reaſon to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote according to *Covenant*.

As for Signing Warrants to raiſe a new Army, I wonder you'll ſpeak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we ſubſcrib'd to raiſe Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis well known, I can ſcarce write a Word beſides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name without loſing his Head? If I muſt give Account for what I ſet my Hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me.* I ſee now my Grandfather was a wiſe Man, he could neither write nor read; and happy for me were I ſo too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raiſe a new War? I muſt confeſs, I love a good Army; but if there be none till I raiſe it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Name. No, my Lords, 'twas not

I,

I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have raiſed a War. You ſee they were guilty, by their Running away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to ſtay by it. And whether was for War, I that ſtay'd in Town, or you that went to the Army? The Devil a Horſe did I liſt, but in my new Coach, nor uſed any Harneſs, but my Collar of S S; and will you for this clap me in the Tower? You ſent me thither ſix Years ſince, but for handling a Standiſh, and you'll commit me for writing my Name? What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end nor begin a Parliament without ſending me to the Tower? Do your Lordſhips mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I needs muſt go, pray ſend me home to *Baynards Caſtle*, or *Durham-houſe*: A damnable Fire burnt my Houſe at *Wilton* juſt that Hour I mov'd your Lordſhips to drive Malignants out of *London*. But why to the Tower? Am I Company for Lions? Do you think me a Ca-ta-mountain, fit to be ſhewn thro' a Grate for Two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the Tower

for *Malignants*, they can endure it; ſome of them have been Priſoners ſeven Years; they can feed upon bare Allegiance, pleaſe themſelves with Diſcourſes of Conſcience, of Honour, of a Righteous Cauſe, and I know not what; but what's this to me? How will theſe *Malignants* look upon me? Nay, how ſhall I look upon them? I confeſs, ſome of them love my Son's Company; They ſay, He's more a Gentleman, and has Wit: 'S Death, my Lords, muſt I turn Gentleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm; and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father never got Two Pence by his Wit. Alas! my Lords, what Hurt can I do you? Or what Good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward; my Lord *Say* hath diſpoſed of me theſe ſeven Years: I am no Lawyer, tho the *Littletons* call me Couſin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been the *Univerſity*'s Chancellor; I am no Stateſman, tho' I was a Privy-Councellor. I know not what you mean by the *Three Eſtates*: Laſt *June* the Army demanded a Releaſe for *Lilburn*, *Muſgrove* and *Overton*; I thought

thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good Eſtate of my own, and I have the Eſtate of my Lord *Bayning*'s Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan*'s Eſtate; theſe are my *Three Eſtates*, and yet, my Lords, muſt I to the *Tower*? Conſider, we are but a few Lords left; come let's love and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrel'd among themſelves, beat one another, and loſt all; let us be wiſer, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conſcience tells me we had look'd moſt wofully.

I perceive, your Lordſhips think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How, *Agitators*! 'S Death, what's that? Whoever heard that Word before? I underſtand *Claſſical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth Three Pence. If *Agitators* cut Noblemens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and uſed to be full of Biſhops:

ſhops: Thoſe Fellows have troubl'd us ever ſince the Apoſtles Time; I thought we had made them poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I underſtand not theſe *General Councils*; thoſe of old (they ſay) were *Chriſtians*, and theſe are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here? *General Aſſembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army*; we never had a quiet Hour ſince we had ſo many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, theſe are hard Times, and we make them worſe with hard Words, which neither we nor our Fore-fathers underſtood. Heretofore Biſhops were *Jure Divino*; then Elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now *Agitators* would be *Jure Divino*: D---n me, I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a *thorough Reformation*? My Lords, if theſe *Agitators* muſt rule the Kingdom, why are not we our ſelves *Agitators*? Why may not I make *Oldſworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honeſty are equal to moſt of 'em? But, for ought I ſee, *Agitators* will ſooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*. For the

Par-

Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil ſhall we all be led at laſt?

My Lords, you ſee I have ſpoke my Mind: I hope, every Week ſome of your Lordſhips will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (tho' in nothing elſe) will follow the Houſe of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords; Remember, I beſeech you, that I am an Old Man: I have been a Grandfather Time out of Mind, (for I was ſo when this Parliament began) and now muſt I be Food for *Agitators*? O, my Lords, I have uſed the King ſo ill, and he lov'd me ſo well; and I have ſerv'd you ſo well, and you uſe me ſo ill, that no Man is ſorry for me. Therefore my Requeſt is, That you would not think of ſending me to the Tower, till ſomebody pities me.

* * *

The

The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Perſonal Treaty with the King in* London, *and alſo on the Debate of the Reaſons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not ſending the three Propoſitions before a Treaty.* 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordſhip ſpake as followeth:

My Lords,

I Thank God you had no Reaſon to make me your Speaker: And truly (all things conſidered) I have as little Reaſon to be a Speaker as any Man; and yet I will ſpeak, for I have been learning theſe ſeven Years how to do it *extrum-*

trumpere; I have help'd too to bawl down Biſhops and Scholars and Miniſters, for dumb Dogs; and do you think I'll be a dumb Dog too? A Halter I will: If I ſhould ſit ſtill and ſay nothing and let his Majeſty come to *London*, that were the Way to make me dumb indeed, for I can ſay no more for myſelf than a Dog. I hope the Door is faſt, that the Citizens do not hear me, becauſe I'll ſpeak my Mind: What, tho' I do not know my own Mind, yet I'll ſpeak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true Engliſh Man, tho' I cannot ſpeak good Engliſh, and as honeſt a Man too as my Lord *Say* can make me; and therefore, my Lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to dye with the Houſe of Commons, or elſe (they ſay) I ſhall be no Lord; and ſo ſay I to you: Graſs and Hay, (my Lords) we are all mortal, and muſt be tied up to the Manger.

I have been for the City too in my Time, when they would pay their Mony, hear Reaſon, and invite us to Dinners. Hang them, Raſcals, they cannot ſay but we have given them their Belly-

full's

fulls too, (I pray God they do not hear me). This Time Twelve-Month they made a young Man of me, and yet (as ſimple as you think me) I am an old Man: They drew me into a new War, and made me wait upon a new Speaker, and vote his Majeſty's coming to *London*: But I was a mad Man, I knew not what I did then; for if the Army had not had the more Mercy, I had been a Traitor as well as the Reſt, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the King home again? No, I warrant you, I am an old Bird, and ſcorn Chaff, or to be made a Traitor any more for any King in *Chriſtendom*. I am an old Thing made new now: My Man *Michael* tells me I am an Independent. I think I am a good Chriſtian; ay, but Citizens and *Scots* are *Jews*, and who knows but that Perſonal Treaty may be a new Name for Popery?

You may bring in Popery, and break the Covenant, if you pleaſe, my Lords, but I dare not. I am ſure we have gotten well by it, we have Reaſon to regard it, for we have gotten the Crown-Lands, Church-Lands, the Cavaliers Lands, every Man's Lands too,

if

if we pleaſe, and the Devil and all: And how ſhall we keep them, if we do not keep to the Covenant? For my part I'll keep to my Oaths, and rather than part with them, *D——e* I'll ſwear down all this Perſonal Treaty.

And good Reaſon too, for they ſay it will undo all that we have been doing theſe ſeven Years: And for my part, I thought all had been undone already, then what needs any more undoing by a Treaty? My Lords, if we muſt undo, let us undo as the Houſe of Commons do, they do one thing to Day, and undo it to Morrow: They voted they would never make any more Addreſſes to the King, and made us vote ſo too, and then they made us unvote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard Chapter, for I cannot read the Meaning of it, but I am ſure they do not mean a Treaty, if they can help it.

I like the Way of ſending Propoſitions; ay, for I love to go on Errands. I am ſure it is an honourable Employment for an old Man to be the State's half-penny Boy; and I am glad the Commons will not hear your Reaſons

for

for the King's coming, before he have ſigned the three Propoſitions. For, obſerve, my Lords, if they ſhould hear Reaſon, they might go whiſtle: Miſtake me not, I mean if they ſhould hear any Reaſon but their own, and I think that is all the Reaſon in the World, for it is Reaſon of State, or the State's own Reaſon. There I think I hit it; for all other Reaſon is malignant and high Treaſon. Why then ſhould we treat with the King? For he'll talk malignant Reaſon, and Reaſon of State too; but then here's the Matter, my Lords, he will not talk the State's Reaſon, and therefore judge ye, whether the State have any Reaſon to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but Treaſon, and by that Means, my Lords, make you or me, or any of us all, Traitors to our Faces? Truſt him that will, for my part, I ſhall have as little to ſay to him as any of you all, and yet you ſee I am a good Speaker, according to the State's Reaſon.

I think we never had a good World ſince we had ſo much Reaſon: For my part (I'll ſpeak my Mind plainly) I never

ver had any Reaſon of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldſworth*, and the State's; and, *By the Life of* Pharaoh, I think they two are as reaſonable Creatures as any in the World. But to this Point of Reaſon, I mean to ſpeak more, now I come to examine your Lordſhips Reaſons of State, which the Houſe of Commons have voted contrary to the State's Reaſon: For, as I take it, my Lords, they are the State, and you know we are all bound to ſubmit to the State, or elſe we are Traytors; I am ſure few of us but have been made ſo for not ſubmitting, and 'tis God's Mercy we are not all Traytors. Howſoever, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the State's Reaſons, and I adviſe your Lordſhips to do ſo too, for they care not a Fig for all your Reaſons, nor I neither. 'SDeath, I am ſure ſome of you have no Reaſon to the contrary; you know how you were whip'd with the black Rod lately, and I can tell you, there's a black Book too at the Head Quarters; if you'll do Reaſon, ye may, but (mark ye, my Lords) it's very dangerous

gerous to talk Reaſon, it's the only Way to be put in the black Book, and then you know the black God follows. I am an old Man, ay, and ſome of you are old enough too, but you ſee, we are not paſt whipping, and yet you will not take Warning.

However, I ſhall have a Care of one, and in the mean Time ſee what Reaſon you have to venture to talk Reaſon to the State, If you were their Fellow-Commoners, you might have ſome Reaſon to make bold to give them Reaſons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your Diſtance. You ſay you would not have the three Propoſitions offered to the King before the Treaty; Firſt, *Becauſe the Citizens here and divers Counties have petition'd for it.* The Citizens! 'Tis true, they have brought us in a Petition here for it; but the more Raſcals they: They may go Home and ſay their Prayers; for they are not like to be heard here. What, do they pray when they ſhould curſe? D-----e, do they think the State's a Chamelion, to live upon Air, good Words, and Petitions, and Treaties? They were all for a new

War,

War, and drew me in too this Time Twelve-Months, and now they are against a new War. Is there any Reason in this, when the States have not yet done their Business? Must they do and undo, as well as the State; and now by doing nothing, quite undo the State? They shall be hang'd first; d------e, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, (my Lords) because you say 'tis Reason; but yet I hope the Citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I speak, to be spoken on the House-tops, because usually, my Lords, I seldom speak, but I am o'th' Top of the House, before I am aware. But this I say, why should they stand for Peace and Treaties, that first set afoot the War? And now, when we expect they should serve another Apprenticeship to the State to maintain the War, they meant to leave Reformation, like *Dun*, in the Mire, and are become so Popish as to cross us with Treaties. If they were for a new War this Time Twelve-Month, 'tis all the Reason in the World they should be so now. What though the Case be not the same, nor the

the State the ſame now that it was then? I hope the Cauſe and the State are alive ſtill, and will be as long as the King and the Cavaliers live; and out-live them too; for they are the ſame ſtill, and fitter for another World than the State's World: For the State's World runs round, and hath done ſo theſe ſeven Years, but the King and the Cavaliers are the ſame ſtill: And therefore, my Lords, I ſhall conclude with as good Logick as any I have left in the Univerſity, As long as the King and the Cavaliers are the ſame, the Cauſe muſt needs be the ſame, though the State be not the ſame, but mangled, and rent, and patch'd, and new-modell'd, and the Covenant likewiſe crack'd all to pieces. And where is your Reaſon now, my Lords? Doth it not follow then, that they ought not to take the ſame Courſe to maintain the War againſt the King and the Cavaliers, and not trouble the State thus with Treaties? eſpecially ſeeing *Guild-hall* is the ſame, the Exciſe, the City-bags, and publick Faith too, are all the very ſame ſtill, and as full and fluent as ever. And if theſe Fellows

that

that come here to vex the State thus with Petitions, will not go Home in Peace, to forward a new War, and be the ſame Men again that they have been, I hope the Army will come and pickle them up in the Tower, and ſerve them the ſame Sauce their Fellows had this Time Twelve Month: For what other End, I pray you, do we keep the Army, or the Army keep us?

And now, my Lords, that I have done with the Citizens, I ſhall fall upon the Counties. What have they to do with Petitions? They are out of their calling; they ſhould follow the Plough, and let the State alone, to Harrow and fetch in Harveſt. I warrant you they had rather have a King, and ſee us Quarter'd, than indure any more Free-Quarter; but I think the State-Guard quarter'd them ſufficiently, and made drawn Cats of 'em, I mean the *Surrey* Men; ſo that I think they, or the reſt, will have little Stomach again to come a Petitioning. What Reaſon then, my Lords, have you to regard what they ſay for a Treaty? They can but talk (you ſee) and the State can fight, and be

ne'er

ne'er the more Traitors for it; but if theſe fight, they are Traitors preſently, as ſoon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you, my Lords, if the State had voted me a Soldier, I would have no more Mercy upon theſe Fellows than if they were Traitors in Gingerbread. What though they would bite? I have ventur'd e'er now the tender'ſt Member that I have, with a biting Thing, and lain in a Month for it under the Surgeon's Hands; and I'll venture my Tongue with any Biter of them all, but I'll be ſure to have a Care of my Head for the Service of the State; and who knows, whether I may keep it if there be a Treaty? But I wonder what good my Head would do them: I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I ſhould be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my part never got any Thing by it, and I ſuppoſe no Body elſe will: Therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any Reaſon to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this Part of your Reaſon, my Lord,

Lord, I ſay the Counties are as very Raſcals as the Citizens, that would have us to pull an old Houſe upon our Heads by a Perſonal Treaty: They would have a Disbanding of the Army too, would they? But they ſhall ſnap ſhort; for I love the Army, d——e, I do dearly. Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and ſit no longer; but if the Army will love us, we'll love the Army; for why ſhould the Counties be ſo much againſt the Soldiers, poor Wretches! Conſider, my Lords, an 'twere your own Caſe; for it might have pleaſed God to have made ſome of us Soldiers. And ſo, my Lords, I think I have maul'd your firſt Reaſon againſt the three Propoſitions.

Your ſecond Reaſon is, *Becauſe his Majeſty hath often declared, that he will ſign nothing till all Things be concluded, and therefore, that the ſending of thoſe three muſt needs cauſe Delay to the Treaty.* I would have you to know, my Lords, I am not for Delays, I hate them; for I think I am as haſty as any Man; but yet I care not, if we delay a Treaty with God or the King till Dooms-day, and that

that I think is a fair time: for it may be to Morrow, for ought we know: And it is a very fit Time, I think, ſince his Majeſty will agree to nothing till the Concluſion of all Things. I wiſh him well, he was my Maſter, but I care not much for ſeeing him, nor for kiſſing his Hand; I can kiſs my Lady *May*, and ſhe is my Miſtreſs. I care not for kiſſing of Men: I am an old Man, and it is not for me to be kiſſing: But if ſhe be for a Perſonal Treaty, then indeed this Reaſon holds good againſt Delay, and I am of your Opinion.

Then you ſay too, *It is contrary to the Rules of Treating, to grant any Thing before the Treaty.* Have we done what we liſt all this while, and muſt we go by Rule now? Then it will follow too that we muſt let the King rule again. He is in a fine Condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am ſure my Lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would deſire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be againſt the Rules of Treating

as long as he rules the Roaſt, becauſe he ſays a Treaty is out of all Rule, and none but unruly Fellows do ſtand for it, and it is not for our Honours, my Lords, to be unruly: But d——e, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good a diſciplin'd Army as any is in the World to rule us.

But I ſay further, That *it was the Deſire of the Scots to have his Majeſty come to ſome of his Houſes near* London, *and therefore we ſhould yield to it preſently, to keep a fair Correſpondence with them.* D——e and ſink me, my Lords, what have we to do with them now? We had occaſion to uſe them a while ago; but now that they have helpt us to conquer the King, we have done with them. We, my Lords, muſt be ruled, but the Scots, you ſee, are the Lords of Miſrule. For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them; I cannot abide a Scot; for a Scot ſwitch'd me once, and crack'd my Crown with my own Staff, the Verge of my Lord-Chamberlainſhip, and now they are all coming to ſwitch you too. They ſay *Hamilton* is their General: He is a Duke; I cannot abide a Duke, becauſe

I am not one my ſelf: But do not I look as like a Duke as *Hamilton*? Well, I might have been one, if I had had Wit enough to keep that Honour which I had: But I had Honour; what then had I to do with Wit? That's for poor Rogues; for Wit and Honour ſeldom meet together. I know many Men count Swearing to be Wit; and if I had been ſo witty as to keep cloſe to my Oaths at Court, and not broke them by playing falſe with the King, and forſwear my ſelf by taking the State's Oaths, and the Scots Oath, D----e I had been as good a Duke before this Time, as any Scot of them all. But hang Dukes, we are Princes now, an't pleaſe the Commons.

As for the King's coming to one of his Houſes, I know not what that means, for he hath never a Houſe: I ſay they are the State's Houſes time out of Mind, at leaſt theſe ſeven Years, ever ſince his Majeſty was turn'd out of Doors. I am afraid, if he ſhould come to any of his Houſes, and we not agree with him, not let him be King again, we ſhall be turn'd out of our Houſe, and the Commons out of their Houſe; and then we ſhall not

 have

have a Houſe to hide our Heads in. Mark ye too, my Lords, it muſt be to ſome one of his Houſes near *London*. How d'ye like that? I am ſure ſome of you have no Houſes near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his Majeſty's. 'Sdeath, I thought ye had hous'd him for that Purpoſe, and will ye now give over Houſe-keeping?

You ſay likewiſe, there is more reaſon to offer Treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well, my Lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the Houſe of Commons. I am for the State, ay: But if you'll undo your ſelves with Reaſon, I cann't help it: you ſee the Cavaliers have undone themſelves with it already. And if you'll beggar your ſelves with it too, and leave me to keep Houſe here by myſelf, you may. You know the Houſe of Commons and I are all one; and if you leave the Houſe of Peers to me and two or three more, the Commons Houſe and ours will ſoon be all one too. Hang Reaſon then, will you provoke the State, and leave my Company for a little Rea-

ſon? You know whither my Lord of *Holland* is gone for his Reaſon, and what's become of my Lord *Francis* and the reſt, and where I am that have Reaſon. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true, his Majeſty baffled us with Reaſon: But how hath he proſpered after it? I believe it never did any Body any good; and I am ſure, though we had no Reaſon to get the better, yet we got the better with no Reaſon: And therefore becauſe we thrived ſo well then without Reaſon, I think 'tis wiſely done to deal out of all Reaſon ever ſince. And ſo, my Lords, I think I have tickled you for all your Reaſons, againſt our ſending of the three Propoſitions before a Treaty.

Now, my Lords, in the next Place, I'll prove the Propoſitions themſelves to be ſo reaſonable, that I know you'll never truſt to your own Reaſons again. What though they are unreaſonable, yet they are not ſo, if I keep to my former Diſtinction, that is, not according to Reaſon of State, but the State's Reaſon; for ſeeing a Treaty would quite undo the State, ſure 'tis all the Reaſon in the World,

World, they ſhould propound Things out of Reaſon, on purpoſe to prevent Treating. Therefore I'll maintain the firſt Propoſition is moſt reaſonable, that the King ſhould recal all Proclamations and Declarations againſt us, and well he 'ſcapes ſo too; for I am ſure he ſlander'd us ſufficiently with a Matter of Truth, though he call'd us out of our Names: S'Death! which of all us are Rebels and Traitors? Do I look like one? What, am I a *Faux* or a *Catesby*? I am ſure I had no Hand in this laſt Powder-Plot; nor the firſt neither: I ſcorn to be a Traitor, ay, D----e. What, Declarations and Proclamations to cut off our Heads, and not recal them? You may chuſe whether you'll have 'em recall'd or no; but, ſink me, I'll have 'em recall'd. What ſhall our Heads be fitted with an Iron Capcaſe, and ſet a ſunning theſe Dog-days upon the Top of the Houſe here, to ſpoil our Complexions? D-----e, we muſt all come to't, if we be Rebels and Traitors: Traitor then in his Face, if he will not recal his Proclamations; for they will make us Traitors, in ſpight of our Teeths, if we

do not make them Treaſon againſt the State. What tho' the Houſe of Commons have made us Traytors in many Things in Spite of our Teeths, I hope the State may do any thing, and be no Treaſon: Therefore I ſay theſe Proclamations are Treaſon againſt the State, and ſo not to recal them, is to be a Traitor againſt the State.

But the Cavaliers ſay, if the King recals them, then he makes himſelf and them to be the Traytors. And all the Reaſon in the World, believe me; for do what we can, we cannot make them Traytors; why then ſhould not he make them ſo to our Hands? For I am ſure we uſe them like Traytors; and one had better be Traytors, I think, than us'd ſo: But they are ſtubborn Fellows; their Shoulders are broad enough to bear any Thing, and therefore the State hath Reaſon to make them the Traytors. I remember, when they proclaim'd my Lord of *Eſſex* a Traytor, and my Lord *Say* here a Traytor, and all that ſtuck to them Traytors, I am ſure I ſtuck to them cloſe, and yet I think we are never the worſe Traytors for being proclaim'd.

claim'd. What's a Proclamation? I am ſure there are ſome in the State that have torn his Majeſty's Proclamations. How can they be Traytors then? But I'll tell you, my Lords, who are the Traytors. The King's evil Counſellors are the Traytors; for they never left him till we ſhut him up cloſe Priſoner, and put them away. We are the King's great Council now: What though we will not let him come amongſt us; yet I am ſure we are his beſt Council; for we ſave him a great deal of Trouble, and diſpatch all Things for him, without a Hearing, and ſo I hope we ſhall diſpatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my Lords, whether he had not beſt recal his Proclamations.

Now, for the ſecond Propoſition for ſetling of Church-Government, there is all the Reaſon in the World for it: For I ſay, every Tub ought to ſtand upon his own Bottom: Why then ſhould not the Church of *England* be ſettled upon a *Scotch* Bottom? Here's ſuch a deal of do about a Church and Religion; I tell you plainly, my Lords, I am an Inde-

pendent; I love it better than Presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a Tale of a Tub: But howſoever, it is an ill Tub that hath no Bottom: Therefore, my Lords, I keep my firſt Saying, the Church will never be ſetled, till every Tub ſtands upon his own Bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a Reformer. The Aſſembly ſays, we muſt reform according to the Word of God. For my part, I never trouble my ſelf to read a Word of it, and yet you know I am an Aſſembly-man. What need I read the Word of God, when I keep a Chaplain to read it? Beſides, they ſay the Reading of it would ſpoil my Oaths, and I'll not leave one Word of my Oaths for all the Word of God: But I am willing to be rid of the Scotch Oath, becauſe they ſay 'tis taken out of the Word of God, and it may be ſo for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the Covenant, becauſe it hath kept many of us theſe hard Times, and becauſe it keeps the Biſhops away from us. I cannot abide Biſhops, they have ſo much Learning and Antiquity: I hate Surplices too, ever ſince Mr. *Henderſon* preach'd

it

it up for the Whore of *Babylon*'s Smock. It ſeems he had taken it up often, for he had many a Bout with her, (as Mr. *Sedgwick* ſays) now and anon too: But hang the Whore of *Babylon*; ſhe is an old Whore, and I am an old Man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old Whores, nor you neither, my Lords, I hope. Therefore judge you, whether his Majeſty ought not to ſettle Church-Government preſently, that all old Whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third Propoſition, for the ſettling of the Militia, I know not well what to ſay to it. This Militia is a hard Word, and ſo is Publick Faith, but yet the Citizens made a ſhift to ſwallow it: The Devil's in their Guts, they will down with any Thing theſe hard Times; and they will down with Militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard Word; for we have much ado to make his Majeſty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as his Majeſty. But I think we have made him part with it in ſpight of his Teeth. What though he will not give it us, we have it already; and we are Fools (I think)

if we do not keep it. What, take away our Arms? Does he think to make the State croſs the Cudgels, and be Popiſh again? The State ſhall order *Hammond* to trip up his Heels firſt, and if he cannot do it, *Rolph* ſhall go and make him kick up his Heels. He is a Member of the State's Militia; he may do it; d--e, he may; for no body that I ſee dares queſtion him. Judge you then, whether his Majeſty had not as good let us cut his Throat with the Militia, as without it. And ſo, my Lords, I think the three Propoſitions are very reaſonable, and that you will never trouble the State with any more Reaſons againſt them.

Now, my Lords, for the City's Petition here before us, I have but one Word more to ſay. I ſay, their Petition is worſe than your Reaſons. They would have a Treaty too, and no Propoſitions; but they are not half ſo mannerly to the State as your Lordſhips; for you give Reaſons, but they bring not a Word of Reaſon that I can underſtand; and yet they will have no Nay to a Treaty. Hang 'em Raſcals, it is to ſave

their

their Purſes; they had rather ſave their Purſes, than themſelves or the State: But D-----e, their Purſes and they are both Reprobates, and therefore I ſay the State muſt d--n them both. It's poſſible in Time the State may hang them for all their Services; I do not mean the Aldermen in their own Chains; for, the Troopers will find other Ware for Execution: And well they deſerve it; for, the poor Army hath taken the Pains to conquer the Kingdom, and them too; and yet the Churles are ſo miſerable, they never could find in their Hearts to give them ſo much as one Meal of Thankſgiving; therefore I think after their Cold Breakfaſt before *Colcheſter*, they had beſt come and fall aboard upon the City. I am ſure they have ſome Friends here that will bid them welcome: *Skippon* hath a thouſand Horſe for the Purpoſe, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch Recruits out of theſe dogged Fellows of the City, and keep out a perſonal Treaty.

Then mark, my Lords, they'll have this Treaty to be in *London*; no other Place will ſerve them to have the King in

in but *London*: I thought they had Kings enough at *London* already: But they'll have K. *Charles*; that's a malignant Word if you put but God to it; for, it is the Cavaliers Word, and I am for neither. I hope, my Lords, you will be ſo too, and not turn Cavaliers now at laſt; for what ſhould we do with King *Charles*? Which of us can look him in the Face? D——e, I think you have as little Reaſon to treat with him as I. Well, my Lords, I have ſpoken my Mind; I pray you do not order the Printing of my Speech; for, I would not have every Body know my Mind before my ſelf. I ſhould ſpeak oftener if I might be leſs in Print; for, a Speech in Print is near kin to Learning, and I hate Learning; I hate a King; I hate King *Charles*. Do you do ſo too, and let's love one another, and be obedient to the State: For, *D——e, Sink me and Ram me nine Miles into the Bottom of a Hedge*, we are undone, if we do not make Slaves of the City, and keep off a perſonal Treaty.

The

The Earl of PEMBROKE's SPEECH.

MY Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded, and the Reaſon that makes me trouble you at this time with ſaying any thing, is by reaſon of a Letter I have received from the Committee, which I think is a Letter of ſome Conſequence, and fitting for you to ſee; otherwiſe I am ſo ill a Speaker, after ſuch a Declaration made to you, I have not the Boldneſs to ſay any thing to you: But truly tho' I ſay little, and have a bad Tongue, yet I ever had ſo good a Heart to this Buſineſs, that I ſhall ever live and die in it.

Gentlemen, You have ſhew'd your ſelves like brave and noble Citizens; you have done it with that Nobleneſs, with that Alacrity, with that Love to God, King and Parliament, that none of your

your Anceſtors before you never ſhew'd more Love, nor Care, nor Zeal, nor perform'd that you have done better: I have only this to ſay to you, If the Times are ſuch (not that I think there is any great Peril in the King's Army now, for they have told you nothing but Truth) yet when you have ſeen this Letter, you will find there is very good Cauſe for you to crown this Work, which muſt be by following it, with the ſame Zeal, Love Care, and Nobleneſs, and Alacrity; which if you do, you may well crown your ſelves with the Name of a glorious City; and none more.

The LETTER.

For his Excellency the Earl of *Cumberland*, Lord General of His Majeſty's Forces in the North.

MY very good Lord, Your Lordſhip's of the twentieth of this Month I have received by Stockdale, *and have read it to his Majeſty; who willed me to ſignifie to your*

your Lordſhip, that he is well pleaſed with your Lordſhip's continuing of the Sheriff in his Place, albeit he ſent a Writ for his Diſcharge: His Majeſty takes a ſpecial Notice of your Lordſhip's Vigilancy and Care, in the Truſt he hath repoſed in your Lordſhip; as he hath by many very gracious Expreſſions declared at ſeveral times openly, upon Conference of your Buſineſs in that County: Your Lordſhip's Care of my Lady Dutcheſs of Buckingham, *is (I aſſure you) very well taken by his Majeſty. Sir* Ralfph Hopton, *and other Gentlemen in the Weſt, have raiſed ten thouſand Horſe and Foot, with which they have already diſarmed all Perſons in* Cornwal, *that are diſaffected to the King; they have taken* Lancaſton, *and are marching into* Devonſhire, *to diſarm the Diſaffected there; and ſo intend to come to meet the King at* London: *Here are alſo in* Wales *about 6 or 7 thouſand Men levied for the King, which are to be under Marqueſs* Hartford, *that will be ready upon all Occaſions to come to his Majeſty; but we hope he will not need their Help, having given the Earl of* Eſſex *ſuch a Blow, as they will make no haſte again to adventure themſelves in that Cauſe againſt*

God's

God's Anointed. I ſhall refer your Lord-ſhip to the Relation of the Bearer, for the Particulars. To Morrow his Majeſty marcheth towards London, *by* Oxford. *I'm ſo full of Buſineſs, as I muſt crave your Lord-ſhip's Pardon that I write ſo briefly: But I am nevertheleſs,*

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble Servant,

Edgeſcot, North-ampton, Oct. 24. 1642.

Edward Nicholas.

The

The Last WILL and TESTAMENT OF THE Earl of *Pembroke.*

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1715.

The Last Will and TESTAMENT OF THE Earl of Pembroke.

By Mr. Samuel Butler.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1713.

The last Will and Testament of the Earl of Pembroke.

I *Philip*, late Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, now Knight for the County of *Berks*, being (as I am told) very weak in Body, but of perfect Memory; for I remember this Time five Years I gave the casting Voice to dispatch old *Canterbury*; and this Time Two Years I voted no Address to be made to my Master, and this Time Twelve Month saw him brought to the Block: Yet because Death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threatned me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, For my Soul, I confess I have heard very much of Souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows,

knows, I know not; they tell me now of another World, where I never was, nor do I know one Foot of the Way thither. While the King ſtood, I was of his Religion, made my Son wear a Caſſock, and thought to make him a Biſhop; then came the Scots and made me a Presbyterian; and ſince *Cromwell* entered, I have been an Independent. Theſe (I believe) are the Kingdom's three Eſtates, and if any of theſe can ſave a Soul, I may claim one; therefore if my Executors do find I have a Soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my Body, for I cannot keep it, you ſee the Chirurgeon is tearing off my Fleſh, therefore bury me, I have Church-Lands enough, but do not lay me in the Church-Porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My Will is, that I have no Monument, for then I muſt have Epitaphs and Verſes, but all my Life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my Dogs (the beſt Curs that ever Man laid Leg o're) to be divided among the Council of State. Many

a fair Day have I follow'd my Dogs, and follow'd the State both Night and Day; went whither they ſent me, ſat where they bid me, ſometimes with Lords, ſometimes with Commons, and now can neither go nor ſit: Yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor Dogs not want their Allowance, nor come within the Ordinance of one Meal a Week.

Item, I give two of my beſt Saddle Horſes to the Earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear ere long his own Legs will fail him; but the talleſt and ſtrongeſt in all my Stables I give to the Academy, for a Vaulting-Horſe for all Lovers of Vertue. All my other Horſes I give to the Lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwell* and the States take away his Commiſſion, his Lordſhip may have ſome Horſe to command.

Item, I give my Hawks to the Earl of *Carnarvan*; his Father was Maſter of the Hawks to the King, and he has Wit ſo like his Father, that I begg'd his Wardſhip, leſt he in Time ſhould do ſo by me.

Item, I give all my Deers to the Earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preſerve them, becauſe he denied the King a

Buck

Buck out of one of his own Parks.

Item, I give give my Chaplains to the Earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his Son the Lord *Grey*, who being thus both Spiritual and Carnal, may beget more Monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the Lord *Say* which Legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the Poor.

Item, To the Countesses (my Sister and my Wife) I now give leave to enjoy their Estates; but my own Estate I give to my eldest Son, charging him on my Blessing to follow the Advice of *Michael Oldsworth*, for though I have had 30000 *l. per Annum*, yet I die not in Debt above 80000 *l.*

Item, Because I threatned Sir *Henry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty Pounds to the Footman that cudgell'd him.

Item, My Will is, that the said Sir *Harry* shall not meddle with my Jewels; I knew him when he served the Duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the Crown Jewels; for both which Reasons I do now name him, *The Knave of Diamonds.*

Item

Item, To *Tom May* (whoſe Pate I broke heretofore at a Maſque) I give five Shillings; I intended him more, but all that has ſeen his Hiſtory of the Parliament, think five Shillings to much.

Item, To the Author of the Libel againſt Ladies, (called *News from the Exchange*) I give 3 *d.* for inventing a more obſcene Way of Scribling than the World yet knew; but ſince he throws what's rotten and falſe on divers Names of unblemiſh'd Honour, I leave his Payment to the Footman that paid Sir *Harry Midmay*'s Arrears, to teach him the Difference 'twixt Wit and Dirt, and to know Ladies that are noble and chaſte from downright Roundheads.

Item, I give back to the Aſſembly of Divines their Claſſical, Provincial, Congregation, National; which Words I have kept at my own Charge above ſeven Years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I reſtore other Mens Words, ſo I give Lieutenant General *Cromwell* one Word of mine, becauſe hitherto he never kept his own.

Item,

Item, To all rich Citizens of *London*, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give Advice to look to their Throats, for by Order of the States, the Garriſon at *Whitehall* have all got Poniards, and for new Lights have bought dark Lanthorns.

Item, I give all my printed Speeches to theſe Perſons following, *viz.* That Speech which I made in my own Defence, when the ſeven Lords were accuſed of High Treaſon, I give to Serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is Treaſon, and what is not. And the Speech I made *ex tempore* to the *Oxford* Scholars, I give to the Earl of *Manchester*, Speaker *pro tempore* to the Houſe of Peers, before its Reformation, and Chancellor *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* Univerſity, ſince its Reformation. But my Speech at my Election (which is my Speech without an Oath) I give to thoſe that take the Engagement, becauſe no Oath hath been able to hold them. All my other Speeches (of what Colour ſoever) I give to the Academy, to help Sir *Balthazar*'s Art of Well-ſpeaking.

Item,

Item, I give up the Ghoſt.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICIL.

Before his Lordſhip gave his laſt Legacy, he mentioned other Particulars; but his Senſe and his Words grew ſo independent, that they could not break forth into perfect Legacies; yet we thought fit to write what he ſpake, which was in his Verbis,

Item, I give---- 'SDeath, I am very Sick and my Memory fail's me; Sink me, if I can remember what I have elſe to give. I have troubled my Mind with Things of this World; but who the Devil thought Death had been ſo near? Ha! what's that? Now 'tis at my Bed's Feet, all bloody. Murther! Murther! Call up my Men: *Oldſworth*, where a Plague are ye all? I am well holp up, to have ſuch Comforters. What,

was it but a Cat? A Pox Mew ye, do you take a Lord for a Mouſe?—— So ho, ſo ho; there, there; O brave Jowler. Plague on that Cur; couple him to Royſter.—— Come to Bed, Sweet Heart; come, Duck, come—— Pox rot ye all, where's my Coach? My Lord Mayor hath ſtay'd at *Guild-hall* this two Hours. —— That Cock's worth a King's Ranſom; he runs, he runs; a Thouſand Pound to a Bottle of Hay—— Rub, rub, rub; a Pox rub; a Hundred Thouſand rubs: 'SDeath my Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Biaſs than a Pudding—— I'll to the Houſe, and remove the Obſtructions for Sale of the King's Good's—— D——e, there 'tis again; Ha, a Man without a Head! Speak, what art thou? 'SDeath, can'ſt not ſpeak without a Head?—— Ha! and there with Lawn Sleeves, come juſt upon me, beckons me—— Ha! another yet! all in Purple! my own Maſter! I beſeech your Majeſty let me kiſs your Hand—— No, Blood! Blood! Oh, I am undone: Help! help! Why, *Oldſworth!* Oh, where are ye all? is this a time to ſtop your Noſes? Call up my Chaplains;

Where's

Where's *Caldicut*; Pray, good *Caldicut*, Pray, Pray; Plague consume you, why do you not Pray—

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

Bantering
SPEECHES
On the Thankſgiving-Day,
June 7. 1649.

By *SAMUEL BUTLER.*

Printed in the Year 1715.

Alderman Atkin's SPEECH *before Dinner, to the* Speaker, *the* General, Lieutenant General, *and Lord Preſident* Bradſhaw, *at* Grocer's-Hall.

OH! this bleſſed Day (Mr. *Speaker*) and *marvellous in our Eyes*, to ſee you become our *Supreme Head and Governour*, now that we have cut off the *King*'s *Head*. And (as I take it) it is one main Reaſon of this Heavenly Thankſgiving to my Lord *Lieutenant General*, and Mr. *General*'s Excellency for their great Pains in the Buſineſs. Verily (Mr. *Speaker*) I cannot chuſe but weep for joy to think

on't; and yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I ſhall tell you by and by---- In the mean time---- *Prethee* Mr. *Steward ſet aſide a Couple of Cuſtards and a Tart for my Wife*-- In the mean time (I ſay) I ſee no Reaſon but why I may cry as well as bawl. I ſay, *Sir*, I can bawl as well as my Lord *Pembroke* here, or any Man elſe: My Mouth was made for bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the *Houſe*, upon occaſion: For you may remember how I bawl'd to the *Apprentices*, two Yeats ſince, when the *Houſe of Commons* had like to have gone to wreck like a *Bawdy-houſe*. I am ſure I was Mr. *Speaker* then, for you lookt as white as the *Driven Cuſtard*, and had *neither Tongue, nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Noſe, nor Brains*, nor any thing elſe, but were in the ſame pickle as when the *King* came to demand the *Five Members*. I wonder he did not ſmell me out too for a *Traytor*: For I had my Breeches full on't then, as I had half a Year before in *Finsbury*, at the General Muſter of the new *Militia*: At which time, I pray, *Sir*, I was one of the *City-Colonels*, and came off cleanly (tho' I ſay it:) For, being

being wounded in the Belly, I retreated home; and having asked Counſel of a *Surgeon*, the Malignant Knave would not undertake me; and ſo the *State* might have loſt a Servant for want of a *Plaiſter*, but that my *Kitchin-wench* made a ſhift to cure me with a *Diſh-Clout*.

But having ſcap't this *Scouring* (Mr. *Speaker*) and lived to ſee this Glorious Day, now let us ſing the Song of old *Simeon*, and depart in peace; but firſt let us have our *Belly-fulls*. O Death, I defie thee, for here's a good Dinner coming in, Twelve *Bucks* out of *Eltham Park*, beſides thoſe of the *City*; not a *Presbyterian* Bit (I promiſe you) therefore ſit down *Gentlemen*, and eat luſtily; I promiſe 'tis well ſeaſon'd. I'll paſs my Word for the *Cooks*; for I was one of the *Committee* that examined them and put them * every Man to their *Oaths*, to forſwear *Rats-bane*, *Mercury*, and *Monarchy*. Beſides, here's *My Lord Preſident* (for more Security) hath brought a dozen *Taſters* along with him. I hope he will lend us ſome of them. And now,

* *Every Cook was ſworn.*

Mr. *Speaker*, you are welcome; in the the Name of my *Brethren Repreſentatives* of the *City*, I bid you heartily welcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for, you have laid up Goods for many years, and now you are laying up the *King's Goods*. *More Sacks to the Mill ſtill.* Sit down Mr. *Speaker*, you are a good *old Speaker*, you are the *Repreſentative* of the *Supreme Authority*: It was the *Pope's* firſt, next it was the *King's*, and now it is yours, thank the *Army*. How daintily things are come about, Mr. *Speaker*, as well as you and I could wiſh! For, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all *Thanksgivings* theſe Seven Years. We have waited upon his old Excellency *Eſſex*, and the Admiral *Warwick*; and ſung *Pſalms* with the *Aſſembly Men* here over and over: And now thoſe *Black-birds* are all flown, and out of Tune: Here's not a Man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every jot as honeſt a Man as his Nameſake *John*; for neither of them cares much for ſaying of *Grace*: Therefore ſit down, Mr. *Speaker*, we have his *New Excellency* here now, and General *Cromwell's* Honour, that

that cares for it as little as they. Indeed you muſt ſit down firſt, and My *Lord Mayor* next; for the *Army* (I am ſure) made us vote it ſo, and that the *City Sword* ſhould be yielded up to you to make a *Thanksgiving Trencher-knife*, and ſo you are as good a Man as the *King*, and a better Man than My *Lord Mayor*; and ſo you might have been ſtill, had you given him his *Sword* again,; for you loſe your place in yielding up the *Sword*, and leave the *Supreme Authority* in My *Lord Mayor*, and the *Army*. Howſoever ſit ſtill, *Sir*; I hope the *General* will not oppoſe the *Votes* of the *Houſe*, but let them paſs an't be but *for Faſhion ſake*; and therefore (Mr. *Speaker*) *for Faſhions ſake* you ſit uppermoſt, and next to My *Lord Mayor*.

I think too, *for Faſhions ſake* (my *Lord General*) your *Excellency* may ſit down next. I would be loath to diſpleaſe Mr. *Lieutenant General*'s Honour, I hope he will not be angry at your *Excellency*, nor me: I could wiſh you had voted all your Place before you came hither: But your *Excellency* may ſit I ſuppoſe; for Mr. *Lieutenant General* looks as if he

gave

gave Leave. On my Conſcience, that's a meek humble Soul, and will take ſome other time to ſet you beſide the *Saddle*.

And for you, (my *Lord Preſident*) I ſhould have placed you uppermoſt; for I know none ſo fit to have repreſented the *Supreme Authority*, as you that commanded the Cutting off that *Head* of it! Oh, this *Scarlet Gown* becomes your Honour! It ſuits exceeding well with mine, and my *Lord Mayor*'s; for you ſentenced the Old *King* as a *Trayter*, and we have proclaim'd the Young *King* to be no *King*; and a *Traytor*, when we can catch him. It was a dangerous Piece of Work indeed; I was afraid, as you were, of following Dr. *Doriſlaus*, the People did ſo threaten, as if they would have torn us for the very Rags of *Authority*, and cried up *Charles the Second* louder than we could cry him down. I think the reſt of my *Brethren* carried it a little better than my ſelf; for my *Guts* began to *crow* after their old Tune, and wrought like Bottle-beer, inſomuch that I wiſht for Coll. *Pride* to ſtop the *Bung-hole*, till the *Troopers* reliev'd us.

But

But now (my good *Lord Preſident*) let's comfort one another: And tho' you deſerve to be uppermoſt, yet ſit down and be content with your Place. For *Faſhion's ſake* Mr. *Lieutenant General's* Honour is content to let it be ſo, till he find it convenient to turn you off, as well as his *Excellency*. Pray take it not ill that I whiſper this in your Ear; for, now that he hath made you ſerve his Ends, he cares not, ſo he were rid of you, ſince you may ſerve them all as you did the *King*, in a new *High Court of Juſtice*, becauſe you are pleaſed to let it be ſo.

The next place (Mr. *Lieut. Gen.*) muſt needs be yours. By his *Excellency's* Leave, you are the *Saviour of the Three Kingdoms*. You are he that hath filled our Hearts this Day with Thankſgiving and Gladneſs. You trained the *King* into a Snare at *Carisbrook* Caſtle, and fooled and routed all his *Party*. You ſet up a *High Court* to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his *Son*. You have made us a *Common-wealth*, that is (as *Malignants* ſay) have given us Power to put a Finger into every Man's *Purſe* and *Pocket*.

ket. You have made the *People the Supreme Authority*, and left them no *Laws*. And well done (*Sir*) for what ſhould we do with any *Law* but the *Sword*? Or what *Law* like *Liberty of Conſcience* and *Power* met together? You it is that lead his *Excellency* by the Noſe like a *Bear*, and at laſt will bring him to the *Stake*. You have new moulded the *City*: You are the *Joy of our Hearts*, *the Light of our Eyes*, and the *Breath of our Noſtrils*; tho' *Cavaliers* call you the *Cut-throat* of our Lives and Liberties: For which we ſet this Day apart to give *Thanks* to *GOD*, and a *Dinner* to you, and ſomewhat elſe into the Bargain, as you ſhall ſee after *Dinner*. In the mean time fall to; a *Short Life and a Merry one*; and ſo give me leave to conclude heartily with Part of the *Lord's Prayer* (tho' I do not uſe it) *Thy Kingdom come*; or as the *Thief* did upon the Croſs, *Remember me when thou comeſt into thy Kingdom*; and I promiſe you faithfully I will never beſhit the Palace.

Alderman

Alderman PENNINGTON's *SPEECH at the Preſenting of the Golden Baſon and Ewer unto the* General, *with a Plate of* 30 l. *value, and* 200 l. *in Gold in a Purſe, to the* Lieutenant General.

GIVE Ear, O Heavens, and regard, O Earth! May it pleaſe your *Excellency* to open your Mouth wide, and I ſhall fill it. I *Iſaac Pennington*, Alderman of *London*, confeſs my ſelf altogether unable to ſpeak the Praiſes due unto your ſelf, Mr. *Lieutenant General*, and all the faithful Officers and Soldiers of your *Army*. Yet why ſhould I hold my peace?

peace? I will ſpeak, tho' I cannot ſpeak, and tho' I cannot ſpeak, I will not keep ſilence. Some have been ſo bold as to brand me for a *crakt Veſſel*, yet I have been *meet for my Maſter's Uſe*; and they ſhall find me as ſound as *ſounding Braſs, or as a tinkling Cymbal*. *Moſes* was a Man ſlow of Speech, yet he was a great *Leader*; and ſo have I been, and ſo is your *Excellency*. But as for Mr. *Lieutenant General*, tho' he be ſuch a one too; yet he hath the *Tongues of Men and Angels* ſo much at his *Devotion*, that the very Noiſe of them drowns the Fame of your *Excellency*, and ſwallows up your *Senſes*.

For my part, I bleſs GOD exceedingly for you both; for all your *Labour of Love*, in *Gun-powder* and *Goſpel*, and carrying on that glorious Work of *Reformation*; which, tho' I began in Deſperation, yet you have brought it to Perfection. Henceforth therefore all Generations ſhall call you Bleſſed, and me no *mad Man*, tho' I have been as mad as any of you all; and yet I think I am fit enough to deliver the Senſe of the *City*, who by me returns you Thanks

for

for the great Pains you have taken in purging the *malignant Presbyterians* out of the *Common-Council*, as well as the *House*; by which means you made a ſhift to *new model* the *City* as you did the *Army*, turning out all that were not of your own Temper: So that we are all now of one Soul and one Mind, and lay all *Things in Common* for the uſe of the *State*, but what is our own.

Add to theſe Things your borrowing Money of the City, but never paying them again, your breaking all their Privileges, and putting daily Affronts upon them, your impriſoning, fining, aſſeſſing, taxing, exciſing, free-quartering, and fleecing all their *Fellows*; your conquering them by Treachery, and riding thro' their Streets in Triumph, your overawing them with the *Military* Power, and deſtroying their Trade by Land, and Traffick by Sea. For all which unexpreſſible Favours, with the Extirpation of *Presbytery*, and the Suppreſſing of *Levellers*, they conceive themſelves bound to return an Acknowledgment, and rejoyce in the Opportunity of Dedicating this

this *Day of Thanksgiving* unto you and your *Bellies.*

But ſince Man lives not by *Bread* only, but by Killing of *Kings* and *Loyal Subjects,* and ſeizing on their Goods and Eſtates, and turning them into Money; ſince *Gold* is the only Goddeſs of this *Reformation,* and the *Saints* cannot eſtabliſh their *King* without it; ſince your *Excellency,* and your *Lieutenant General Guardian,* have vouchſafed us this Favour of a Viſit, which you denied to the *Presbyters,* we here preſent your *Excellency* with the ſame *Golden Baſon* and *Ewer,* which you refuſed from their Hands. It coſt them one *Thouſand Pounds*; and becauſe it was of their Providing, we can the more freely beſtow it upon you. I have been an old *Thanksgiving Sinner,* as well as Mr. *Speaker,* or any of them all, in the Days of old *Eſſex,* who (I am ſure) never received ſuch a *Preſent* for his Pains, but was content to be fobb'd off with a *Cloſe-ſtool* and a Pipe of *Tobacco*; which was the Reaſon I conceive, why my Brother *Atkins* here, in thoſe days, kept ſo cloſe to him after Dinner.

And

And as for you, Mr. *Lieutenant General*, tho' your Merits out-weigh whatever we can preſent unto you; and tho' in all the before named Exploits we muſt allow you the greateſt ſhare, yet be pleaſed to accept of the leſs Requital, a poor Pittance of 300 *l.* in Plate, and a *Viſion* of *Golden Angels* in a Purſe, to the Value of 200 *l.* at the Coſt of our own *Fraternity*.

As for the Reſt of the *Lords* and *Gentlemen* here preſent, I hope they will excuſe us, and think themſelves well ſatisfied with their *Dinner*: And in particular you, my *Lord Preſident*, who deſerve much in the Setling of this *Republick*. But having done but one ſingle Act towards it, if you expect more than a *Dinner*, we muſt leave you to the Conſideration of Mr. *Lieutenant General*, who ſet you on Work, and in the End, no doubt, will pay your Wages.

I have but one Word more to ſay, and that is this: We have great Cauſe to rejoyce in the happy Settlement of this *Common-wealth*, but I fear we ſhall not be quiet yet. God bleſs us from outward Dreams and reſtleſs Nights; and

and ſend us well to digeſt this *Thankſgiving Dinner*, and to have no more of them, nor occaſion for them in haſte: For the Frights they put us into beforehand are terrible, and the Dinners themſelves are chargeable, and will prove chargeable indeed, if *Malignants* ſpeak Truth, who ſay this very Day's Thanksgiving will coſt no leſs than our *Heads*, if not our *Souls* too into the Bargain. Therefore *Gentlemen* in a Word, I think we have but one Play, and that is to hold up the *State* as long as we can, and to make ſure of our Heads and Eſtates, and pillage other Men's, when we can hold it no longer.

Hugh

Hugh Peters's *Thanksgiving Speech for a* Farewel *to the* City, *in the behalf of the* General *and* Lieutenant General.

Mr. Alderman Pennington, *and the Reſt of the* Repreſentatives *of the City*.

I Muſt tell you, I have been half the World over, and yet I am come back again; and by my Faith. *Sirs*, I muſt tell you, I never ſaw ſuch a goodly jolly Crew as are here, all Hail! Fel-

Fellows well met together. 'Tis merry when *Maltmen* meet; and (they ſay) ſome of us here have been *Brewers*, and worſe Trades too: But uh——uh—— let that paſs. I defy *Brewing*, for I have been all over your *Wine Cellar*, and that's another World, but it's as ſlippery a World as this, and runs too: What a *Nichodemus* is the *Butler!* he was loth to own me but by Night; he bad me ſtay till Night, and then I ſhould have my *Belly-full*. Now, *Sirs*, I conceive a *Belly-full*, is a *Belly-full*, and if a Man have not his *Belly-full*, it is no *Thankſgiving*: And if you, *Gentlemen* of the *City*, have not a *Belly-full* of this *Thankſgiving*, I ſay may you have a *Belly-full*.

Had Dr. *Doriſlaus* been ſo wiſe as to have ſtaid at home, he might have had another kind of *Belly-full* than be had at the *Hague*: But a *Belly-full* ſtill is a *Belly-full*; and *Grocers-Hall* is a better *Ordinary* than a *Dutch Ordinary* for a *Belly-full*. Pox o' your *Dutch Ordinaries*, I think they will become *Engliſh*, and give us all a *Belly-full*; but in another kind, I fear, than I gave my *Dutch-Land-Lady* and her *Daughter*.

But no Matter for that, a *Belly-fully* is a *Belly-full*; their *Bellies* were empty, and ſo was mine; for I had not ſo much as a *Stiver* to bleſs my ſelf, and they would never let me be *quiet*, and I ſcor'd up ſtill, and ſo I got my *Belly-full*, and they got their *Belly-full*; which was one *Belly-full* for another, and ſo at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I ſaw a bleſſed Sight; a World of Wild Women and Men lying round a Fire in a Ring ſtark naked. If this Cuſtom ſhould come up in *London* (as I ſee no Reaſon but it may, if the State will vote it) then every Woman may have their *Belly-full*; and it would be a certain Cure for *Cuckoldom* and *Jealouſy*, and ſo the City would loſe nothing by this *Thanksgiving*.

But now to come home to the Point in Hand: My *Lord Mayor*, and you *Gentlemen* of the *City*, I am commanded to give you Thanks: Yes, I will, when I have my *Belly-full*; but your Butler is no true *True Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and toſs the *Stingo*. Sure, he is ſome *Presbyterian* Spy that is ſlinkt into Office;

Office; some Cowardly Fellow that pines away at *Scandalous Sins*, and the *Stool of Repentance*, and he will never do well till he drench'd for the Humour; so that now I see I am like to go away without my *Belly-full*, and have never a Jig to the Tune of *Arthur of Bradley*, ----- *Sing O! brave Arthur of Bradley*-----*Sing O!*

But if Things go thus, what should I see you for? The *States* foresaw what sorry *Good-Fellows* you would be, or else some of you had been *Knighted*, as well as My *Lord of Pembroke*. Nay, it was *GOD*'s Mercy you had not all been Knighted: for it was put to the Vote (I tell you) whether My *Lord Mayor* should be Knighted; and whether, you Alderman *Pennington*, and Alderman *Atkins* should be Dubb'd Sir *Isaac* and Sir *Thomas* of the *States* own Creation. But since it's resolved otherwise, I pray you bid the *Butler* bring up his *Cannikins* and I'll make you all Lords like my self; for now I am no less in Title than *Hugo de Santo Pietro Puntado*, and every jot as merry as forty *Beggars*.

Now I warrant, you expect I should thank you for his *Excellency*'s Golde

Ba

Baſon and *Ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do ſo; but what care I for a *Baſon* and *Ewer*? Give me a *Pipe* and a *Chamber-Pot*: I mean a *Pipe* of *Canary* into the Bargain, or elſe it ſhall be no *Thanksgiving-Day* for me. Oh! for a Conduit from *Malaga*, and we knew how to convey *Midleton's* Pipes to the *Canary Iſlands*, then there would be no End of *Thanksgiving*.

I am commanded likewiſe to thank you for the *Lieutenant General's* Plate, and his Purſe of Gold: and I am ſo much the more willing to do it, becauſe I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come home: But (as I take it) you have more Reaſon to thank him, than he you. For you have him a little Purſe of Money, and 'tis his Goodneſs he does not take all. I obſerve too you have given him but the Value of 500. *l.* and his *Excellency*, forſooth, as much more. Do ye know what you do? Should you not have askt my Counſel before? You may chance to be bewitch't, I faith, for not ſetting the Saddle upon the *right Horſe*: And

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Baso

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well you deſerve it, if I be not furniſh't with a Pipe of *Canary*. Let me not be put off with nothing, like My *Lord Preſident*, and Mr. *Speaker*; you know where to ſend, *Sirs*. My Lodging is ſometimes at St. *James*'s, but moſt an end in *Thames Street*. There my *Maid*, a handſome Laſs, I tell you, will take it in as well as my ſelf, or elſe I would ne'er keep her. Farewel, *Sirs*, here's nothing to do, I ſee.

A Pox on your Butler, *and on his lean Jowl,*
There's Liberty lies in the Bottom o' th' Bowl.

Thus it is in one of our *modern Authors*; but I confeſs I can have none of this *Liberty*, tho' it be the firſt Year of *Freedom*; and then judge you, whether the State, or the State's Servants have any Cauſe of *Thanks*. Farewel, *Sirs*, I am gone. O! for a *Milk-bowl*, or his *Excellency's Baſon* and *Ewer* now, to ſpew in, and make an End of *Thanksgiving*.

A

A Seasonable SPEECH spoken by Alderman Atkins in the Rump-Parliament.

Mr. *Speaker*,

AFter so many *Dispensations* and *Outgoings* of Providence, we are now the third Time return'd to sit in this honourable *House* again; but how long we shall do so, I believe the wisest of us all cannot tell: For *the Soldiers have of late set up Governments, as Boys do Ninepins, to throw them down again.* But how oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I shall never doubt to get in again: for I perceive those Changes, and Revolu-

tions (as they call them) are just like casting of *Knaves* at Cards, where some *play*, and some *sit out*, till the Set be up, or till the Gamesters fall out and throw up their Cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so many Interruptions, and Disturbances; many *mighty* and *great* Works have been carried on by us *Worms* and *No-men*. You, *Sir*, have a New-wainscot Chair, and our Seats that were but covered with *Mats*, when we came first to sit here, are now lined with good *Broad Cloath* of 16 Sh. *per* Yard, and the whole House is hang'd in a better Manner, than any Man expected. But this is not all that we have done; for we have reform'd *Religion*, and brought the *Church* as nigh to what it was in the primitive Times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans*, as may be; for the *Christians* have *sold* all they have long since, and laid it at our Feet, and we begin once more to have all Things in *Common*. Besides, *Sir*, we have done *strange Justice* on the late *Tyrant*, and transform'd the *Kingdom* into a *Common-wealth*, as *Nebuchadnezzar* was into a Beast. But there is one Thing that

that we have *omitted*, and which indeed the People have much more Reaſon to expect from us; for *Reformation, as well as Charity, begins at home:* To hold forth my Meaning in brief to you, *Sir*, 'tis the *Cleanſing of our Houſe of Office*; and if that Name be not *mannerly* enough for this Place, it is in your Power to help it: For there is a ſpare Name that hath been lately conferr'd upon this *Honourable Houſe* by the People, which was once call'd *The Houſe of Parliament*, as it is now the *Rump*. This Name, in my Opinion, we cannot *better* diſpoſe of, than in conferring it on the *Houſe* I ſpoke of; for not only that, but all other Houſes of the ſame Quality, (of which ours is the *Repreſentative*) may in the Right thereof hereafter be call'd a *Rump*, as being a Name more *proper* and *ſignificant*, in regard of the Relation it hath to the *Part*. And truly, *Sir*, I believe the Wiſdom and Juſtice of this *Houſe* can do no leſs, if you pleaſe but to conſider the *near* and *intimate* Correſpondence *that Houſe* has ever held with *this*, as having ever been intruſted with the moſt *urgent* and weighty Matters that we have ever

carried on; and ſo *neceſſary* that I may boldly ſay, without that Recourſe which we have had to it in our greateſt *Extremities*, this *Houſe* might have *ſuffer'd* for it many a Time and oft. It is now, *Sir*, as *full* as this *Honourable Houſe* was once of Members, and as *unuſeful*; until we take ſome Courſe to *empty* it, as we did this; which I humbly conceive, we can by no means avoid. For, under Favour, I do not think we can uſe this *Houſe* as we did the *Houſe of Lords*; I mean, *Vote it down*, when it will ſerve our Turns no longer: No, this is a Matter of a *higher* Nature, and more weighty Concernment; and as the Difference is great in *Reaſon* of *State*, ſo it is alſo in Point of *Conſcience*: For tho' it is true we engag'd and *ſwore* to maintain the *Houſe of Lords*, yet we did it not after a *right* Manner; for we read, it was a Cuſtom among the *Jews*, when they made any ſolemn Vow, to put their Hands under one another's Hams; and if we had done ſo when we ſwore that, and kiſs'd the Book, I grant, we had been bound in Conſcience to have upheld it longer than we did, I mean

mean longer than we had need of it; but we, quite contrary, held up our Hands, and ſo were not bound to keep it otherways than we took it, *viz.* Hand over Head; for unleſs we *diſfer'd* from the *Jews* in other Matters more than we do, I know no Reaſon why we ſhould in this. But now I ſpeak of the *Jews*, give me leave, by obſerving one Paſſage in their Hiſtory, to hold forth unto you the *Danger* of Suppreſſing the aforeſaid *Houſe*. *Saul*, for want of ſuch a Convenience, going into a Cave where *David* had hid himſelf, had like to have loſt his Life; for if *David* had been *One* of us, I know what would have become of *Saul*; he would rather have cut off his *Head*, than a Piece of his Coat; as I wonder he did not, ſince being a *Prophet*, he might have made *Scripture* of purpoſe to have proved him a *Tyrant* and a *Traytor*, as we did *Law* to condemn the late *King* after he was put to Death. But tho' *David* was wiſer than his Teachers, he was not ſo *wiſe* as we were: 'Tis true, for his own Advantage he knew how to make the ſilly *Philiſtians* believe he was *mad*; but I am mi-

ſtaken if we have not outdone him this Way too, and made the wiſeſt think us ſo. But to return to the Purpoſe; Suppoſe, *Sir*, the Army ſhould have Occaſion to give this *Honourable Houſe* a *Purge* again, you would be loth it ſhould *work* here; and truly I do not know what other Way you have to avoid it, unleſs we ſhould make uſe of that Place where the *Aſſembly of Divines* lately ſat, which for my Part I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no Reaſon to take it ill, for it is according to the Example of the beſt *reformed Churches*. And I know no Reaſon why we may not as well *ſit* there, and make *ſowre* Faces at our own *Charges*, as they did at the Charge of the Commonwealth. For my own Part (did not the common Good provoke me to it) I have as *little* Reaſon to ſpeak as another, and perhaps *leſs*; for my Breeches are made cloſe at the Knees, and ſo better fitted againſt a *Miſchance*. Beſides I know the *worſt* of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have ſuffer'd in the *Service* of my Country. But let that paſs; tho' it were the worſe for my Reputation

tion and my Breeches, it was the better for my Body and my Soul too, for I have *edified* much by it: 'Tis true, the Boys hold their Noſes, and cry, *Fogh*, when they ſee me in the Streets; but what of that? A wiſe Man knows how to make Advantage of the greateſt Diſaſters, and ſo have I done. For there was a Time, Mr. *Speaker*, when this *Honourable Houſe* had like to have been a *Foul Houſe*; and when was that? Why truly it was when the *Apprentices* came hither to ſhew us one Trick more than ever we taught them: Then did I take this Worſhipful Chain off my Neck, and very politickly put it into my *Codpiece*; for I knew well enough, that no Body in this Town, where I am ſo well known, would *venture* to look for it there; and I was not miſtaken, for here you ſee I have it ſtill. The ſame Thing I did at another Time, and that was when (as you well remember) a Piece of Plaiſter falling from the Roof, ſome of the Members cry'd, *Treaſon*, and many made haſte to get out of the Houſe, as faſt as they could, ſo did not I. No, *Sir*, I reſolv'd to ſtay by it; and therefore having put my Chain into

my *Codpiece*, I *crept* under the Bench, in this very Place where I now ſit, and there I lay *cloſe*, till I heard ſome that were near me ſay, they ſmelt *Gun-powder*; but then I knew it was a *Miſtake*, and ſo it proved indeed: But if it had been otherwiſe, no Danger ſhould have made me forſake my Duty. No, *Sir*, I have been ſo *faithful* to this Houſe, and ſo *conſtant* to my Principles, that I have not *changed* ſo much as my *Seat*, ſince the happy Beginning of this Parliament. In this very Place did I ſit then, on both ſides of me ſate two Members that prov'd *Malignants*, for they took Snuff at ſomething that fell from me in my Zeal to the *Cauſe*, and ran to *Oxford* to the *King*. Their Eſtates are long ſince ſold, for which the Common-wealth may thank me; for verily, *Sir*, I have not been altogether an *unprofitable* Member according to my *Talent*, and the Diſpoſition of what was in me: For my *Bowels* have been oft *poured out* for the Proſperity of this Houſe, and I hope my Converſation hath held forth much of the *Inward* Man, as may be ſufficient to ſatisfie the Well-affected by whom I am intruſted: And

as

as for any Backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! they hurt themſelves, and not me; for if they *get* any Thing by dealing with me that Way, they muſt have *Good luck* ---- *Sir*, I have uſed the more Freedom with you, becauſe I have ſome Pretence of your Pardon; for I believe you have often obſerv'd, that when any Thing has *fallen* from any of my Fellow-Members, that the Houſe has *reſented*, it has been preſently laid to my *Charge*, and I have always taken it upon me freely; for I ſhall never refuſe to ſerve this *Houſe* in any Senſe whatſoever. I ſhall therefore humbly move, That you would be pleaſed to order this *Honourable Houſe* to *adjourn* for a convenient Time, until the *Houſe* be *emptied*, and made *ſweet* again; for if we ſhould ſit here before, it will not be in the Power of any Man to own ſo much *Stink* as will be laid to my *Charge*.

HU-

HUDIBRAS

AT

COURT.

Written 1659.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

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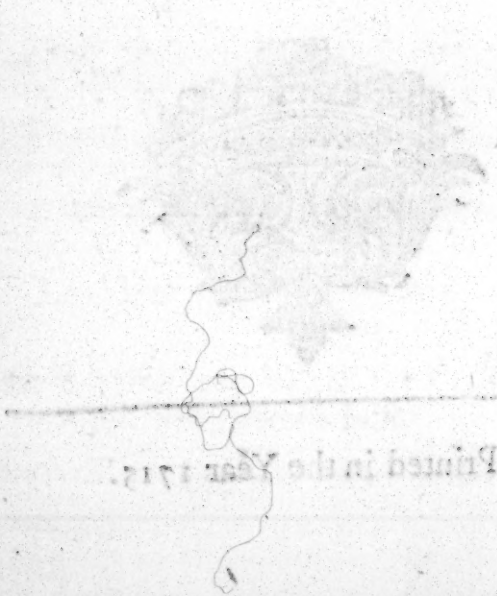


HUDIBRAS *at* Court.

The ARGUMENT.

Adventures ceasing, Knight *and* Squire
T'wards their respective Homes retire:
The Manner how they lodge their Arms,
And how forc'd back by fresh Alarms:
Their Resolution to repair
To Court, *and what succeeded there.*

AFter fierce *Wars,* and hot Disputes
As e'er fell out 'twixt *Brutes* and *Brutes,*
After much Waste of *Blood* and *Treasure,*
Robing and *Plund'ring* without Measure,

After

After both *Sides* had took ſuch Pains,
To knock out One another's Brains.
And after they had fought ſo long
For *Dame Religion* till they'd none;
A luckey *Hit* brought things about,
That they fell in as they fell out.

Our worthy *Knight*, *Sir Hudibras*,
Of ſuch deep Senſe and Foreſight was,
That he well knew his furious *Zeal*
For *Anarchy* and *Common-Weal*,
His *Worſhip* muſt to *Ruin* bring,
Should *Providence reſtore* the *King*;
He therefore, but with great *Compunction*,
Reſolves to quit of War the *Function*,
And to abandon *Colonelling*,
And home return to peaceful *Dwelling*.
But firſt he thus beſpoke the *Squire*,
Ralpho, I'm ſure thou will't admire

When

When I have told thee my *Intention*,
Which I have fixt beyond Prevention.

Quothe *Ralph*, I wiſh it mayn't repent
Your *Worſhip*, you're ſo fully bent:
'Tis hard to *judge*, before we know,
But *Stubborn People* ne'er want Woe;
And I dare wage a broken *Pate*,
That 'tis ſome *Miſchief* 'gainſt the *State*,
Which you thus ſolemnly intend;
But if it be, excuſe your *Friend*
And Servant, *Sir*, for verily
The Thing ſeems wound'rous plain to me,
That there is ſome Deſign now brewing,
That will involve us all in *Ruin*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, I hope you'll own,
To take me up before I'm down

Is

Is not the proper Way to find
It out, when *ſomething's* in the Wind;
Nor is't good Breeding with *Submiſſion*,
To *judge* and *cenſure* on *Suſpicion*:
But *Ralph*, ſince you have had a ſhare,
With me, in all my *Feats of War*,
Stood kick and cuff, and went my halfs
In dreadful *Fights* 'midſt *Clubs* and *Staves*,
And have on all *Occaſions* ſhewn
A *Valour* equal to my own,
I will excuſe you this, and all
Your other *Faults* in general.

Quothe *Ralph*, I thank you for your *Pardon*,
Tho' at the ſame Time, me 'tis hard on,
To be excluded from a *Secret*,
As if you thought I mean't to break it;

I have been truſted heretofore
With all your *Secrets* o'er and o'er,
And that I ſhould be now poſtpon'd
Is very hard it muſt be own'd.

At this the *Knight* began to fly
Into a *Paſſion*, and talk high;
Ralpho, if you would give me leave,
Says he, I would you undeceive.
The *Reſolution* I have fix'd
With your own *Sentiments* is mixt.
You ſaid juſt now that there was brewing
Some *Project* to procure our *Ruin*;
Why truly I believe the ſame,
And that the *Saints* will come to Shame.
If *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Fall out and fight, then there's an End on't,
Down goes the *Rump*, and *Reſtoration*
Will be the only Word in *Faſhion*.

Now

Now *Ralph* as ev'ry *One* that's wiſe,
Does his own *Preſervation* prize,
I tô my ſelf ſhould be unjuſt,
Should I neglect to be the firſt
Made my *Retreat*, which may perhaps
Preſerve me againſt *After-claps*.
Self-preſervation I'll be bold,
Than *Chivalry* it ſelf's more old,
And has more *Service* done by far
Than *Knighthood*, both in *Peace* and *War*.

Quothe *Ralpho*, who could hold no longer,
Altho I am no good *States-Monger*,
Yet I begin to ſmell a *Rat*;
And what your *Worſhip* would be at.
You have I find ſome little Guilt,
For *Chriſtian Blood devoutly ſpilt*,
Some inward *Checks* and *Throws* of *Conſcience*,
Which ſtrictly ſpeaking are all Nonſence.

And thoſe have preſs'd you on ſo far,
That you reſolve to quit the *War*.
To quit the *War* I grant indeed,
As Caſes ſtand, you ought with Speed,
As 'tis a proper Way to fence,
Againſt Revolts of *Providence*:
But by the Way, *Sir*, *Doubts* and *Fears*
Will never pay us our *Arrears*;
I ſerve for *Plunder* well as *Zeal*,
And as they both begin to fail,
Whether we win or looſe the *Day*,
W'are ſure to ſuffer by our *Stay*;
And yet, Sir, you muſt own, 'tis hard
If we ſhould meet with no *Reward*
For all the *Service* we have done
Down to this Day from *Forty One*.
After ſo many Kicks and Drubs,
And ſuch Pains-taking from the *Tubs*;
For all our *Holdings-forth*, long *Prayers*,
Our *Sighs*, and *Groans*, and *precious Tears*;

Par-

Pardon me, *Sir*, I mean my own,
If we ſhould *pennyleſs go home*,
The Thing I'm ſure muſt needs look odly,
And blame our Conduct with the *Godly*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, if your *Arrears*,
Are dearer to you than your *Ears*,
Or if that you have more *Regard*
For *Hanging*, than for a *Reward*;
I think 'tis Pity you ſhould miſs
Rewards for all your *Services*.
I've weigh'd the *Matter*, and can find
Not the leaſt Cauſe to change my Mind,
And further *Ralpho* tell you this,
That in our *Stay* there *Danger* is.

Here's not One here but you and *I*,
Therefore I mention't by the by;
The Saints have done ſuch curſed *Things*,
That all the *Land* for *Vengeance rings*.

Have

Have they not *overwhelm'd* the *Nation*,
With *Murder*, *Blood* and *Deſolation*,
Attempted to *Aſſaſinate*,
And cut the *Throats* of *Church* and *State*?
And now as *Hogs* can ſee the *Wind*,
And *Storms* at Diſtance coming find;
So I perceive a *Storm* to *gather*,
Which by *Retreating* we may weather:
Nolens volens, we muſt *ergo*
March *publick* or *incognito*,
Which in great Meaſure I ſubmit
To your *Dexterity* and *Wit*,
Only reſerving, notwithſtanding,
The *Power* and *Privilege* of *Commanding*.

Since *nolens volens* is the Caſe,
Quothe *Ralph*, I will not hang an Arſe;
It is my *Duty* and *Deſire*,
To ſerve you like a truſty Squire,
And tho' w' have croſs *Adventures* met,
And both been often ſoundly beat,

Should

Should *Civil Broils* again break out,
I'll follow you the World about.

As to the *Manner* of *Returning*,
It won't it ſeems admit *adjourning*,
But whether *publick* or *incog*
Be beſt, if I know I'm a *Dog*:
That either Way there muſt be *Danger*,
I'm ſure your *Worſhip* is no *Stranger*;
But in two *Ills*, as ſtill the leaſt
Is by *wiſe Men* accounted beſt;
So like *wiſe Men* we ſhould debate,
Which of the two ſuits beſt our *State*.

If *We* in *publick* ſhould march home,
Your *Worſhip*'s every where ſo known,
And for ſo many *Actions* famous,
That not a Country Ignoramus
But would come out to gape and ſtare,
As if that you ſome *Monſter* were;
Quere if that would not defeat
The ſole *Deſign* of your *Retreat*?

Secondly,

Secondly, ſhould your *Worſhip* go
In ſilence and *incognito*,
Would not the Folk be apt to cry,
He's come among us for a *Spy*,
And make a World of ſtrange *Conjectures*.
Both at their Houſes and their *Lectures*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, your *Queries* both
Are finely ſtated by my Troth:
And now to make the *Matter* ſhort,
Ralph, here's my Hand I thank you for't.
There's no *Objection* can be made
To any Thing that you have ſaid;
Therefore to better Senſe ſubmiting,
There is a Way, if you think fitting,
Which we may take, and ſo be free
From all the *Dangers* you foreſee.

The middle Way you mean, *quothe Ralph*,
Which all wiſe Men dare hold moſt ſafe.

That all *Extreams* are dangerous
Is now exemplify'd in us.
Too much may, like too little *Zeal*,
Bring *Ruin* to the *Common-Weal*;
For when 'tis over hot and furious,
Than Zeal nothing is more *injurious*.
Pardon me, Sir, I thus break in,
A burning *Zeal*'s a burning *Sin*,
And has more Miſchief done the *Saints*,
Than all their *Oaths* and *Covenants*.

At this the *Knight* gave Breaſt a *Thump*,
Lord, *Ralph*, how our *Opinions jump*,
There is no *Power* of *Heaven* or *Hell*,
Can pacifie a *furious Zeal*;
Not Fear of *Gallowſes* and *Ropes*
Can *ſtem* the *Tide* of *Zealot's* Hopes;
Like frighted *Wolfs*, they forward run,
Look back and grin, howle and go on.

But now to let this paſs, and come
T'a final *Reſolution*,
As we bring nothing home but *Scars*,
Bumps, *Bruiſes*, and the Marks of *Wars*,
Are no more *Wealthy*, *Wiſe* or *Stout*,
Than what we were when we ſet out;
So we'll return the very ſame,
Ralph to ſpeake plain, *Fools* as we came,

Quothe *Ralph*, there's One *Thing* ſtill behind,
Which we I think forget to mind;
Our *Horſes* and our *Arms* ſhou'd not
In common *Prudence* be forgot.
Freſh *Doubts*, freſh *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
May ſet the *Nation* by the *Ears*,
And there may happen freſh *Occaſion*
For *Plund'ring* and *Sequeſtration*.
Such *Accidents*, like *Reſurrect-*
-Tion, may come when we ſuſpect

Them leaſt of all, and therefore we
Should always in a *Poſture* be.

That's true again, *quothe Hudibras*,
But *Ralph* can you propoſe the *Place*.
I would not looſe *Toledo Truſty*,
Nor yet my *Dagger* tho 'tis ruſty,
My *Piſtols*, *Spur* altho but one,
For any *Conſid'ration*.

Quothe *Ralph*, I know a *Place* I'm ſure,
Where both our *Arms* may be ſecure.
A hollow *Tree* there is of *Note*,
In which they ſay dwells *Leathercoate*.
This *Leathercoate* is held the Sp'rite
Of a deceaſed errant *Knight*,
And ſtill retains good *Will* and *Warrant*
In his *Diſtreſs* to ſerve *Knight Errant*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, the *Souls* of *Knights*
If truly *errant*, can't be *Sp'rits*,

But

But like to *Souls* of *Saint* or *Martyr*,
In quiet Sleep for ever after;
This I affirm and ſo reject
Your *Propoſition* in effect:
In Truth 'tis ſo abominable,
I to contain myſelf a'n't able.
What *Sancho*, after we have been
Fighting and *Strugling* againſt *Sin*;
We that have *plunder'd*, *preach'd* and *pray'd*
'Gainſt evil *Couns'llor*, ſhall't be ſaid,
That after all their loud *Pretences*
For *Freedom* of their *Conſciences*,
That they had no more *Grace* nor *Merit*
But to intruſt an *evil Spirit*,
To guard their *Arms*? Why this would be
A Scandal to all *Chivalry*.

Quothe Sancho, wou'd your *Worſhip* hear,
I'd make it otherways appear.

I well remember *Food* and *Firing*,
Some Years before I went a *Squiring*,
Were both ſo dear, to ſave the Life
Of my own *ſelf*, my *Child* and *Wife*,
I was conſtrained to make bold,
With *Landlord's Hedges* and his *Fold*.
God's Goodneſs more than my Deſert,
Did then *Sir* put into my Heart,
To chooſe this *Tree*, this bleſſed *Tree*
To be in Need my *Sanctuary*.
'Tis needleſs now and long to tell
How oft' I've uſed it for my *Hell*;
Not ſuch a *Hell* where we ſuppoſe,
The *Soul* of the Ungodly goes,
But ſuch a *Hell* where *Taylors* ſlip
Their *Remnants* and too large a *Snip*.

But now that we no longer may
Squander in Words our Breath away,
And *Argue*, as if *Arguing* were
Our *Trade*, as well as that of *War*:

Body for Body I'll be bound,
The *Arms* ſhall all be ſafe and ſound.
For as I know my Name is *Ralph*,
So in that *Tree* I know they're ſafe.

Quothe *Hudibras*, you know full well
What hap'd 'twixt me and *Sydrophel*,
Nor have you, I ſuppoſe, forgot
How I was drawn into a *Plot*,
By *Trulla* that eternal *Jade*,
And cudgell'd at the *Maſquerade*,
Had you not then and there made ſhift,
In my Diſtreſs to give a Lift,
Without all Doubt or Peradventure,
I had been now below the *Centre*.
I am no *Coward*, 'tis well known,
Yet I with the ſame Breath muſt own,
I rather would engage a *Crowd*
Of *Butchers*, tho' they deal in *Blood*,
Than meet One *Devil* or a Sp'rite
That is the *Devil's Perqueſite*.

But *Ralph*, since you will stand the *Touch*,
My *Confidence* in you is such,
I will consent this *hollow Tree*
Shall be our present *Armoree*.
This *Matter* being thus decreed,
The *Knight* mounts first, then *Squire* his *Steed*.
Ralpho, who knew each *Road* and By-way,
As well as *Thief* that *robs* on High-way,
March'd in the Front and led the *Knight*,
Till to the *Tree* they came in Sight,
And then the *Knight* assumes the *Front*,
And gave the *Word* to *Ralph*, dismount.

The *Word*'s no sooner giv'n, but *Ralph*
From *Rosenante* tumbles off,
At the same Time the *Knight* o'erlighted,
And from himself himself unknighted;

For if that ancient *Maxim*'s true,
That which can make, can unmake too;
Then as the *Sword*, the only *Thing*
That makes the *Knight* in Hand of *King*,
So when the *Sword* is off, we know
The *Man*'s again in *ſtatu quo*;
Whence we infer, without much *ſtretching*
The *Metaphor*, or *Things far fetching*,
The *Knight* and *Squire* being diſequip'd,
Are of *reſpective Titles* ſtrip'd;
For *Titles* die and fade like Graſs,
So 'tis plain *Ralph* and *Hudibras*.

By this Time *Ralph* in Thong of *Leather*,
Had tyed th' *Habiliments* together,
And lug'd them to the *hollow Top*
O'the *Tree*, from whence he let them drop

Down to the Bottom, where we'll leav'em
Till new *Adventures* ſhall retrieve 'em.

The next Thing now that came in Courſe,
Was the *Diſpoſal* of the *Horſe*,
For which they were oblig'd to call
Of *War* a *Council General*,
Where *Ralph*, who in his Turn preſiding
Determines it without dividing,
To leave 'em in the Marſhes, where
They might their Loſs of Fleſh repair.

Being thus of *Arms* and *Horſe* bereft,
No *Marks* of Knighthood now was left
But *Boots*, which wanting *Jack*, no Force
Could from their *Warlike* Legs devorce.

Quoth *Ralph* who, as I take it, was
A better Judge than *Hudibras*,

In this Diſguiſe we look ſo odly,
We may perhaps ſurprize the *Godly*.
What therefore if we ſtop'd an Hour,
It could not be amiſs I'm ſure,
To make our ſelves a little known,
Before that we approach the *Town*.
Near lives a *Friend* of mine, whom ſome
Call by the Name of *Country Tom*,
That us'd to keep for the Relief
Of *ſturdy Beggar*, alias *Thief*,
A Cup of *Nappy* and a *Bottle*
Of *Aqua Vitæ* held a *Pottle*,
I've try'd him oft, and always found
That he was at the Bottom ſound,
And if your *Worſhip* will go thither,
He'll tell us who and who's together.
Agreed, quoth *Hudibras*, and ſo
Without delay they thither go;

The

And *Ralph* who knew the Houſe the beſt
Lifts up the Latch, and enters firſt
The *Landlord*, tho' a *ſturdy Knave*,
And could the boldeſt *Thief* outbrave,
Had been the *Marſhal* of a Ring,
And fought and beat the *Gipſies King*,
Seeing this quondam Squire and *Knight*
Wou'd, but could not conceal his Fright,
Till *Ralph* thus ſpoke: Friend *Tom*, I find
That out of Sight and out of Mind,
And yet old *Friend* methinks 'tis ſtrange
So ſhort a Time ſhould make this *Change*.
I'm *Ralph* the *Taylor*, and you *Aſs*,
This is your *Landlord Hudibras*.
My *Landlord Hudibras*, quoth he,
God ſave his *Worſhip*, can it be?
Why ſurely it muſt be below him,
In ſuch a frightful Guarb to go in.

Beſhrew my Heart if you don't look,
As if by *God* and *Man* forſook;
Or as they ſay in Terms more plain,
Half hang'd and then cut down again.

Quothe *Hudibras*, Friend hold your Tongue,
Us and your *Judgment* both you wrong,
For as 'tis ſaid by *William*
Of Wickham, Manners make a Man,
So I affirm a guilded *Coat*
Doth not enhanſe the Man a Groat,
Nor is a Garter or a Star
So ornamental as a Scar.

The *Landlord* finding his Miſtake,
Stands up and making a long *Scrape*,
Quothe he, if I have made a Slip
And let my Tongue outrun my Wit,
I beg your *Worſhip's* Pardon, and
My *ſelf* and *Houſe* you may command.

And

We take you at your Word, quoth *Ralph*,
And do depend that here w'are ſafe;
And firſt *Tom* we deſire to know,
How in the *Town* all *Matters* go?

Quoth he, as bad as bad can be,
Exceeding bad to a *Degree*.
For ſince that you went out to *Battle*,
They've ſeiz'd our *Landlord's Goods* and *Chattle*,
By Vertue of an *Outlawry*:
Ejectments on *Ejectments* fly,
Writs of Rebellion what d'you call,
Attatchments and the *Devil* and all.
Thus *Matters* with our *Landlord* ſtand,
And *Ralph* I won't deal under Hand,
Yours are much worſe, and if you're caught,
You'll be before your *Gaffers* brought.

Something of this, quoth *Hudibras*,
I did expect might come to paſs;

My

My *Dreams* and *Startings* in the Night
Forewarn'd me *Things* did not go right,
But as great *Conquerours* Glory gain,
When they their evil Fate diſdain,
So *Ralph*, we muſt not ſink below
The preſent Burden of our Woe.
If in this Caſtle we are ſafe,
I'll find a Way to bring us off,
And to *reward* our *Landlord's* Care
For giving us *Protection* here.

Laſt Night I was in *Viſion* told,
That *Monk* had on the *Rump* lay'd hold,
And giv'n it ſuch a deſp'rate Twitch,
That it hang dangling at the *Britch*,
And that another hearty *Snack*
Would tear it quite from off the *Back*.
The *King* methoughts I ſaw *returning*,
From whence h'had been ſo long *ſojourning*;

And

And what was more, upon his *Face*
Methoughts I saw writ *Hudibras*.
Now is not this a Call to *Court*,
What think you *Ralph*? I think in short
Quoth *Ralph*, if you neglect the *Summons*,
You ought to be turn'd out of *Commons*.
I who have been the everlasting
Companion of your *Drubs* and *Basting*,
And never left you in *Contest*,
With *Male*, or *Female*, *Man* or *Beast*;
Fall back fall Edge will not *desert*,
But follow you with all my Heart.

Why then, quothe *Hudibras*, I'll go,
Since *You* and *Fate* advise me so.
Honour is like a *Widow* won,
By brisk, not formal Setting on;
And therefore *Ralph* since we are come
T'a final *Resolution*,

Let

Let us to *Horſe* and *Arms* repair,
And face about juſt as we were.

This ſaid, the *Knight* and *Squire* joyn
Their *Forces* 'well as their *Deſign*,
And put themſelves upon the *March*,
After *Adventures* new to ſearch;
Still keeping cloſe in *Warlike Poſture*,
As fit for *Battle* as for *Muſter*,
Till they arrive upon the *Spot*,
Where juſt before the King was got.

Near to this *Place* a *Caſtle* ſtands,
Which all the *Neighbourhood* commands;
Here dwel't the *King*, who here we'll call,
The *Prince* of the *Enchainted Hall*.
This mighty *Prince*, who chanc'd to hear
Of *Hudibras* the *Character*,
Nothing would ſerve his turn but he
This famous *Knight* and *Squire* muſt ſee.

Now

Now you muſt know Sir *Hudibras*
With ſuch Perfections gifted was,
And ſo peculiar in his *Manner*,
That all that ſaw him did him Honour;
Amongſt the Reſt this *Prince* was *One*,
Admir'd his *Converſation*.
This *Prince*, whoſe ready *Wit* and *Part*
Conquer'd both *Men* and *Women*'s
Hearts,
Was ſo e'ercome by *Knight* and *Ralph*
That he could never claw it off.
He never eat, nor drank, nor ſlept,
But *Hudibras* ſtill near him kept,
Never would go to *Church*, or ſo,
But *Hudibras* muſt with him go,
Nor yet to viſit *Concubine*,
Or at a *City-Feaſt* to dine,
But *Hudibras* muſt ſtill be there,
Or all the Fat was in the Fire.
Now after all was it not hard,
That *he* ſhould meet with no *Reward*,
No

That fitted out this *Knight* and *Squire*,
This *Monarch* did ſo much admire;
That he ſhould never reimburſe
The Man for th'Equipage or Horſe,
Is ſure a ſtrange ungrateful Thing
In any Body but a *King*.

But this good *King* it ſeems was told,
By ſome that were with him too bold,
If e'er you hope to gain your *Ends*,
Careſs your *Foes*, and truſt your *Friends*;
Your *Friends* no Diſreſpect can move,
They'll be your *Friends* becauſe they love,
But if your *Foes* ſhould take Things ill,
They'll be your *Foes*, becauſe they will;
Your *Friends* are *loyal*, *good* and *juſt*,
And can't be urg'd to break their *Truſt*,
They've no baſe *Arts* or wicked *Ends*,
But are, and will be ſtill your *Friends*.

Your

Your *Foes* are *ſtubborn, cruel, proud,*
Rebellious, inſolent and *loud,*
And will upon the leaſt *Pretence*
Diſown you for their *Lawful Prince.*
Therefore 'tis prudent, *Sir,* to *flatter*
Theſe *Foes,* leſt they ſhould you *beſpatter,*
And find a *Method* to deſtroy
Thoſe *Pleaſures* which you now enjoy.
Theſe were the *Doctrines* that were taught,
Till this unthinking *King* was brought
To leave his *Friends* to *ſtarve* and die;
An ill Reward for Loyalty.

But leave we this t'another *Place,*
And now return to *Hudibras;*
Who finding, like an artful *Shaver,*
That he was got ſo high in Favour,
And had the *Monarch*'s Ear, and more
Was of the *Cab'net* of his *Whore;*

Whore of State, who knew the Length
oth of the *Monarch's Purſe* and *Strength*,
Vithout much *Thinking* or *Projecting*,
'o Squire *Ralph* fell thus *reflecting*,

Since you have went my halfs in all,
Adventures, whether great or ſmall,
Twould be unjuſt if you ſhould lack
th' *Advantages* your Snack.

You ſee the *Court* how 'tis *Enchanted*
y *Witches* and *Hobgoblings haunted*,
nd how the *Prince* his *Treaſure ſquan-*
ders,
mongſt his *Concubines and Panders*,
Vhilſt his true *Friends* the *Cavaliers*
or perfect Want all hang their *Ears*;
re all neglected and poſtpon'd,
nd rarly ſeen, and hardly own'd.
Quothe *Ralph*, all this I own is true,
t what is this to *Me* and *You*?

I grant indeed the *Cavaliers*,
Have Cauſe enough to hang their *Ears*
When they ſee *Panders*, *Pimps* and *Cullies*,
Sharpers, *Setters*, *Rakes* and *Bullies*,
To *Favours* and high *Poſts* prefer'd,
They can't be blam'd to think it hard;
But ſtill the *Advantages* you mention,
Are foreign to my *Comprehenſion*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you are ſo forward
So poſitive and ſo untoward,
That you break in and cavil ſtill,
And will do ſo becauſe you will.
Elſe I'd have told you the *Deſign*
Betwixt my *ſelf* and *Concubine*,
And how for you a *Poſt* was fix'd,
Unto my own the very next.

Quoth *Ralph*, if I may be ſo bold,
I fear your *Project* will not hold;

Good *Projects* at a *Court* can't thrive,
Where *Vice* has ſole *Prerogative*.
Indeed if you propoſe to be
A *Pimp* among the *Quality*;
Or if your *Worſhip* could endure
The ſlaviſh *Buſineſs* to *procure*,
And have allotted me a *Station*
To ſerve you in that *Occupation*,
Then we ſome *Favours* might *inherit*,
But nothing elſe has any *Merit*.
But, *Sir*, as there is no good *Warrant*,
To make a *Pimp* of a *Knight Errant*;
And as our learned *Authors* tell,
The Trades are ſcarce convertible,
I hope your Worſhip will not err
From th' *Rules* of *Chivalry* and *War*.

For my Part I a Court deſpiſe,
Where none but *Whores* and *Villains* riſe;

Nor

Nor will I on the Man depend,
I ſee ungrateful to his *Friend*:
I'll to my *Hut* in Peace retire,
And there my ſelf my ſelf *unſquire*,
Laugh at the *Knaves* and *Fools* of *State*
And live without their *Love* or *Hate*;
But you to go or ſtay are free,
Juſt as the Devil and you agree.

An old SONG on OLIVER'S *COURT.*

Written in the Year 1654.
By
Mr. BUTLER.

A true SONG.

1.

HE that would a new Courtier be,
And of the late coyn'd Gentry,
A Brother of the Prick-ear'd Crew,
Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
When he is dip't in *Jordan*'s Flood,
And wash'd his Hands in Royal Blood,
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all Trades and Religions are.

2.

If he can devoutly pray,
Feaſt upon a faſting Day,
Be longer bleſſing a warm Bit,
Than the Cook was dreſſing it,
With Covenants and Oaths diſpence,
Betray his Lord for Forty Pence,
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all, &c.

3.

If to be one of the eating Tribe,
Both a Phariſee, and a Scribe,
And hath learn'd the ſniveling Tone
Of a fluxt Devotion,
Curſing from his ſweating Tub
The Cavaliers to *Belzebub,*
Let him, &c.

4.

Who fickler than the City Ruff,
Can change his Brewer's Coat to Buff,
His

His Dray-Cart to a Coach, the Beaſt
Into two *Flanders* Mares at leaſt,
Nay hath the Art to murder Kings,
Like *David*, only with his Slings.
Let him, &c.

5.

If he can invert the Word,
Turning his Ploughſhear to a Sword,
His Caſſock to a Coat of Mail,
'Gainſt *Biſhops* and the Clergy rail,
Convert *Paul's* Church into the Mews,
Make a new Colonel of old Shoes,
Let him, &c.

6.

Who hath Commiſſion to convey
Both Sexes to *Jamaica*,
There to beget new Babes of Grace
On Wenches hotter than the Place,
Who carry in their Tails a Fire,
Will rather ſcorch than quench Deſire,
Let him, &c.

AN OLD SONG

By the ſame.

1.

Q. SAy, *Puritan*, if it ſhould come to paſs,
That thou muſt hear, or play, or maſs,
Which wou'dſt thou chuſe?
A. Truly in ſuch a doubtful Caſe,
It well becomes a Babe of Grace,
To do as the Spirit ſhall infuſe.
Q. But were here in thy *Fryday Diſh*
A Capon, or a Piece of Fiſh,
Which wou'dſt thou eat?

A.

A. Capons are for the Babes of Grace,
Give ſinful Papiſts Ling and Plaice,
Such ſuperſtitious Meat.
Lo: Here a Puritan chatechiſed right,
Who loves his Gut, but doth the Spirit
ſlight.

2.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, if it ſhould be thy Hap,
To be enjoyn'd a Corner Cap,
Wouldſt thou deny?
A. Yes, I profeſs, *Babylon*'s Whore
That Idol did erect, nay more,
It favours of Antiquity.
Q. But wouldſt not be content to wear
The Cap that hideth Sin, not Hair,
Sirnamed *Cælott*?
A. Yes, if it ben't of *Spaniſh* Leather
made,
Surely it cannot be gainſaid
By any true Zealot.

Lo: Here a *Puritan* chatechiſed right,
Who loves his Schiſm, but doth the
Spirit ſlight.

3.

Q. Say *Puritan* doſt love the *Quire*,
And holy Bellows that inſpire
The Organ ſweet?
A. Truly no, they're *Satan's* Inſtruments,
Not fit for *Sion's* holy Tents,
The Faithful think 'em not ſo meet.
Q. But wouldſt not thou uſe any Guile,
To hear a Brother preach a Mile
From Text or Senſe?
A. Yes, ſo he rail religiouſly
'Gainſt Surplice and Conformity,
The Spirit will diſpence.
Lo: Here a *Puritan* chatechiſed right,
Who loves his Humour, but doth the
Spirit ſlight.

4.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, at glorious Paint
In Church Window wouldſt not faint
At ſuch a Sight?
A. The free or painted Glaſs, for there
Idolatry is full as clear,
To pure Eyes as is the Light.
Q. But if a painted Siſter lies
Proſtrate, wouldſt thou caſt thy Eyes
On her with *Ruth*?
A. Well may the Spirit ſo digeſt
A Glance, a Kiſs, and feel the Reſt,
So it be naked Truth.
Lo! Here a *Puritan* chatechiſed right,
Who loves a painted Whore, all other
Paint doth ſlight.

The *Romiſh Prieſt* deny'd Hell Room.

By the ſame

A *Romiſh Prieſt* that dy'd the other Day,
His Soul to Hell went preſently away,
The Devil, that then ſtood Centinel,
Askt him, from whence he came, and why to Hell?
I am a Prieſt, quoth he, come to ſuſtain
In theſe dark Cells juſt and eternal Pain.

Cor-

Corporal, quoth the Devil, and began to roar,

Corporal make haſte, for here's a Prieſt at Door!

The *Corporal* afrighted, cryed, Awa y!

Be gone thou Prieſt, for here thou mayſt not ſtay:

For he who upon Earth did prove ſo evil

To eat his God, will eat in Hell the Devil.

THE REFORMATION.

Written
By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.
in the Year 1652.

I.

TEll me not of Lords and Laws,
Rules or Reformation,
All that's done's not worth two Straws
To the Welfare of the Nation;
Men in Pow'r do rant it ſtill,
And give no Reaſon but their Will

For

For all their Domination;
Or, if they do an Act that's juſt,
'Tis not becauſe they *wou'd*, but *muſt*,
To gratifie ſome Party's Luſt,
Or meerly for a Faſhion.

II.

Our Expence of Blood and Purſe
Has produced no Profit;
Men are ſtill as bad, or worſe,
And will be, whate'er comes of it:
We've ſhuffl'd out, and ſhuffl'd in
The *Perſons*, but retain the *Sin*,
To make our Game the ſurer;
Yet, Spight of all our Pains and Skill,
The Knaves all in the Pack are ſtill,
And ever were, and ever will,
Tho' ſomething now demurer.

III.

III.

And it cannot but be ſo,
Since thoſe Toys in Faſhion,
Are of Souls ſo baſe and low,
And meer *Bigots* of the Nation;
Whoſe Deſigns are Pow'r and Wealth,
At which by Rapine, Fraud and Stealth
Audaciouſly they vent're ye;
They lay their Conſciences aſide,
And turn with ev'ry Wind and Tide,
Puff'd on by Ignorance and Pride,
And all to look like Gentry.

IV.

Crimes are not puniſh'd 'cauſe they're Crimes,
But 'cauſe they're low and little;
Mean Men for mean Faults in theſe Times
Make Satisfaction to a Tittle,

While

While thoſe in Office and in Power
Boldly the Underlings devour,
Our Cobweb-Laws can't hold 'em;
They ſell for many a thouſand Crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is *Law* and *Cuſtom* grown;
'Cauſe thoſe do *judge* who *ſold* 'em.

V.

Brothers ſtill with Brothers brawl,
And for Trifles ſue 'em,
For two Pronouns that ſpoil all,
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*;
The wary Lawyer buys and builds,
While the Client ſells his Fields,
To ſacrifice his Fury;
And when he thinks t'obtain his Right,
He's bafflʼd off, or beaten quite,
By th'Judges Will, or Lawyer's Slight,
Or Ignorance of the Jury.

VI.

VI.

See the *Tradeſman*, how he thrives
With perpetual Trouble;
How he cheats and how he ſtrives
His Eſtate t'enlarge and double;
Extort, oppreſs, grind and encroach,
To be a *Squire* and keep a Coach,
And to be one o'th' Quorum,
Who may with's Brother-Worſhips ſit,
And judge without Law, Fear, or Wit,
Poor petty Thieves, that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

VII.

And his Way to get all this,
Is meer Diſſimulation;
No Factious Lecture does he miſs,
And ſcapes no Schiſm that's in Faſhion:
But, with ſhort Hair, and ſhining Shoes,
He with two Pens and's Note-book goes,
And winks, and writes at random;
Thence, with ſhort Meal and tedious Grace,

In

In a loud Tone and publick Place,
Sings *Wiſdom's Hymns*, that trot and pace
As if *Goliah* ſcann'd 'em.

VIII.

But when *Death* begins his Threats,
And his Conſcience ſtruggles,
To call to Mind his former Cheats,
Then at Heaven he turns his Juggles;
And out of all's ill-gotten Store
He gives a Dribling to the Poor,
An Hoſpital or School-houſe;
And the ſuborn'd Prieſt, for his Hire,
Quite frees him from th'infernal Fire,
And places him in th'Angels Quire:
Thus theſe Jack-Puddings fool us!

IX.

All he gets by's Pains, i'th' Cloſe,
Is, that he dy'd worth ſo-much;
Which he on's doubtful Seed beſtows,
That neither care nor know much:
Then Fortune's Favourite, his Heir,

Bred

Bred baſe, and ignorant, and bare,
Is blown up like a Bubble;
Who, wondring at's own ſudden Riſe,
By Pride, Simplicity, and Vice,
Falls to his Sports, drink, drabs, and dice,
And makes all fly like Stubble.

X.

And the Church, the other Twin,
Whoſe mad Zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purified a Pin
By all thoſe Broils in which ſh'engag'd us:
We our Wives turn'd out of Doors,
And took in Concubines and Whores,
To make an Alteration:
Our Pulpiteers are proud and bold,
They their own Wills and Factions hold,
And ſell Salvation ſtill for Gold:
And here's our REFORMATION!

XI.

'Tis a Madneſs then to make
Thriving our Employment,
And Lucre love for Lucre's Sake,
Since we've Poſſeſſion, not Enjoyment.
Let the Times run on their Courſe,
For Oppoſition makes them worſe,
We ne'er ſhall better find 'em;
Let Grandees Wealth and Pow'r engroſs,
And Honour too, while we ſit cloſe,
And laugh, and take our plenteous Doſe
Of Sack, and never mind 'em.

The

The SAFETY.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

I.

SInce it has been lately enacted High-Treaſon

For a Man to ſpeak Truth of the Heads of the State,

Let every one make Uſe of his Reaſon,

See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate;

For the Proverbs do learn us,

He that ſtays from the Battle ſleeps in a whole Skin,

And our Words are our own if we can keep 'em in;

What Fools are we then who to prattle begin

Of Matters that do not concern us?

II.

II.

Let the Three Kingdoms fall to one of the Prime Ones,
My Mind is a Kingdom, and ſhall be to me:
I'd make it appear, if I had but the Time once,
I'm happier with One than he can be with Three,
If I may but enjoy it:
He that's mounted on high, is a Mark for the Hate
And the Envy of every pragmatical Pate,
While he that lies low is ſecure in his State,
And the Great Ones do ſcorn to annoy it.

III.

I'm never the better which Side gets the Battle,
The *Tubs* or the *Croſſes*, what is it to me?
'Twill neither increaſe my Goods nor my Chattel,

For a Beggar's a Beggar, and ſo he ſhall be,
Unleſs he turn Traytor.

Let Miſers take Courſes to heap up their Treaſure,
Whoſe Luſt has no Limits, whoſe Mind has no Meaſure;
Let me but be quiet, and take a little Pleaſure,
A little contents my Nature.

IV.

My Petition ſhall be, that Canary be cheaper,
Without Patent, or Cuſtom, or curſed Exciſe,
That the Wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,
And not be undone while their Heads they baptize,
And in Liquor do drench e'm:
If this were but granted, who wou'd not deſire
To dub himſelf one of *Apollo's* own Quire?

We'll

We'll ring out the Bells when our Noſes are on Fire,
And the Quarts ſhall be Buckets to quench 'em.

V.

I account him no Wit that is gifted at railing,
And flirting at thoſe who above him do ſit,
While they can outdo him at Whipping and Jayling,
Then his Purſe or his Perſon muſt pay for his Wit;
'Tis better to be drinking:
If Sack were reform'd into Twelvepence a Quart,
I'd ſtudy for Money to merchandiſe for't,
And with a true Friend wou'd make merry and ſport,
Not a Word, but we'll pay 'em with *Thinking*.

The

The TUB-PREACHER.

With Face and Faſhion to be known,
With Eyes all white, and many a Groan,
With Neck awry, and ſniveling Tone,
And Handkercheif from Noſe new blown,
And loving Cant to Siſter *Joan*,
'Tis a new Teacher about the Town,
Oh! the Town's new Teacher.
With cozening Laugh, and hollow Cheek
To get new Gatherings every Week,
With paltry Senſe as Man can ſpeak,
With ſome ſmall *Hebrew* and no *Greek*,
With Hums and Haws when Stuff's to ſeek,
'Tis a new Teacher, &c
With Hair cut ſhorter than the Brow,
With little Band, as you know how,

With

With Cloak like *Paul*, no Coat I trow,
With Surplice none, nor Girdle now,
With Hands to thump, nor Knees to bow,
'*Tis a new Teacher*, &c.
WithShop-boardBreeding and Intruſion,
By ſome outlandiſh Inſtitution,
With *Calvin*'s Methods and Concluſion,
To bring all Things into Confuſion,
And with far-fetcht Sighs, for meer Illuſion,
'*Tis a new Teacher*, &c.
With Threats of abſolute Damnation
But Certainty of ſome Salvation
To his new Sect, not every Nation;
With Election and Reprobation,
And with ſome Uſe of Conſolation,
'*Tis a new Teacher*, &c.
With Troops expecting him at Door
To hear a Sermon and no more,
And Women following him good Store,

And

And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilſt *Tom* writes Notes, as Bar-boys Score,
'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With a double Cap to put his Head in,
That looks like a black Pot tip't with Tin,
While with antick Geſtures he doth gape and grin,
The Siſters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their Husbands think it no Sin,
'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With great pretended ſpiritual Motions,
And many fine whimſical Notions,
With blind Zeal and large Devotions,
With preaching Rebellion, and raiſing Commotions,
And poyſoning the People with *Geneva* Potions,
'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

MOLA

Mola Aſinaria:

OR, THE

Unreaſonable and Inſupportable

BURTHEN

Now preſs'd upon the Shoulders of this

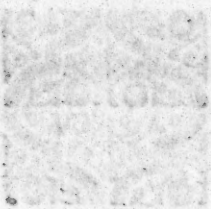
GROANING NATION.

Juſque datum Sceleri.

Printed privately *Anno* 1659.

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER.*

Reprinted *Anno* 1715



TO THE READER.

THE first Volume of Mr. Butler's Poſthumous Works *daily finding a kind Reception in the World, the Bookſeller hath been at great Coſt and Pains to collect a Second Volume of that incomparable Author's Pieces; among which is, with the greateſt difficulty, procur'd this excellent One, intituled,* Mola Aſinaria; *which (altho' Mr.* Prynne's *Name, by way of* Irony, *is put to it) was certainly written alſo by the Author of* Hudibras; *as appears by the remainder of the Title, which runs thus:* Or the unreaſonable and inſupportable Burthen now preſs'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, by the headleſs Head, and unruly Rulers, that uſurp upon the Liberties and Privileges of the oppreſſed People: Held forth in a Remonſtrance to

all thoſe that have yet ſound and impartial Ears [*obſerve that Sarcaſm*] to hear, and duly weighed in the Scales of Equity and Juſtice: wherein is demonſtrated, what Slavery the Nation muſt ſubject itſelf to, by allowing the Lawfulneſs and uſurped Authority of the pretended Long Parliament, now unlawfully and violently held at *Weſtminſter*. *The Motto*, Juſque datum Sceleri; *taken from the firſt Book of* Lucan's Pharſalia, *is* à propos *to the Subject*; *and the Title is made ſo extravagantly long, in deriſion to Mr.* Prynne's *Titles to all his Works, which generally comprehended the whole ſcope of them*, Ab ovo uſque ad mala, *without any occaſion of a Preface. But, nevertheleſs, we are very well aſſur'd, that this Piece is the Performance of Mr.* Butler, *becauſe the Ingenious Mr.* Wood, *in his* Athenæ Oxonienſes *confirms it*; *and as it is now very ſcarce and valuable, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe 'twill find the ſame kind Entertainment, among all that love Monarchical Government and Epiſcopacy, as the other Subjects which flow'd from his as truly Loyal as unparallel'd Pen.*

Mola

Mola Asinaria, &c.

Countrymen,

THERE is not any thing in the Universe deserves less to be a Member of it, than a self-seeking Man, who unconcern'd in the publick Good, regards only his private Interest. The World unwillingly contributes to his Maintenance; and Nature less abhors a *Vacuum*, than that any place should be filled by a Subject so empty of desert. He is a savage Creature in the midst of civil People, not deserving to be born of others, as not caring to

live, but for himſelf. Nay, it is worthily reputed a kind of civil death, to do nothing elſe but live: for as long as
n we have a Country to abide it, we have a Duty to tender it. All we have, we have from it; and by conſequence owe it all we have. Our Lives and Fortunes are ſafeſt, when ventured for the publick Intereſt; and he is the trueſt Lover of Law and Liberty, that affects rather to be ruled, than to Rule; he the freeſt Subject, that creates himſelf a voluntary Slave to his Countries Service. Take from the World this inviolable Law, (that is not writ in Braſs, but deeply imprinted in Loyal Hearts) and it ſhall again turn ſavage and barbarous. This is a truth ſo manifeſt, and not to be diſſembled, that never yet was there a Tyrant, but pretended to be a Saviour of the People. Liberty, Conſcience, a glorious Nation, *The Good Old Cauſe*, and ſuch ſpecious Names are made uſe of: *Nec quiſquam alienum ſervitium & dominationem concupivit, ut non eadem iſta vocabula uſurparit:* Tacit. Theſe Machiavilian Tricks, and Political Cheats ſo often put upon the People of our Nation, methinks ſhould have, by this time,

time, undeceived us with a ſad experience of the Miſeries we have ſubjected ourſelves to, by a perpetual itch of reforming, annulling, creating Laws, and framing new Governments to the Model of every Grandee's Ambition; and yet we are again ready to thruſt our Necks into a new Yoke of Slavery, rather than any Man will engage his private Fortunes, and venture to redeem his Country from Bondage. It is laid to the Charge of *Engliſh-men*, by Foreigners, that we are Φιλαύτοι, and above all Nations pretending to Civility, the greateſt Self-ſeekers; as regarding much more our own particular, than the general, Concerns. I muſt needs ſay, other Nations would have Canonized for Martyrs, and erected Statues after their Death to the Memory of ſome of our Compatriots, whom ye have barbarouſly defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other Motive but their undaunted Zeal. It has been (I know not whether I ſhould ſay) your Misfortune, or my Glory, to become a Sufferer for the Legal Vindication of the Liberties of our Kingdom; but yet I never knew what it was to fear, when I perceived myſelf engaged in ſo good

a Cauſe; not Envy, nor ſnarling Pamphlets ſhall ſtop the courſe of my Pen freely running into my Country's Defence, which my Profeſſion and Age forbid me to vindicate by the Sword. Let young Men ſerve it with their Strength and Arms, let old Men ſecure it by their Heads and Counſel. For my part, I deſire to live no longer than I can in ſome ſort contribute to ſo glorious a Work. I have of late been ſnarled at for it, by certain Licentious Scriblers, that durſt not own their Names for fear of diſcovering their Aſſes Ears: however, they are pleaſed to twitch at the honourable remnant of mine. They thought to have ſtopt my Mouth by their brawling and braying; but I dare yet ſpeak louder; and I hope I ſhall be heard by all ſuch as have yet ſound and impartial Ears: But if my Cry will not reach you, I fear (dear Countrymen) the Voice of Blood will ſpeedily interrupt your ſlumbring Security. Thoſe that will be Lawleſs, find fault with my Writings, becauſe I vindicate the anciently eſtabliſh'd Laws of *England*; and tax me of deſperate Nonſenſe, becauſe I will not allow them an unlimited, illegal Legiſlative Power

to

to repeal, annul, alter, and enact what Laws ſoever they deem beſt to ſerve their own turns. They deceitfully cry out, *Salus populi ſuprema Lex eſt!* † An Axiom that I no ways deny to be true; but I would deſire to be inſtructed who are to be Judges of what is expedient for the good of the People? The Author of the forfeited Maxim ſays, *Leges Magiſtratibus præſunt, ut Magiſtratus præſunt populo:* And the great Doctor St. *Auſtin*, not doubted to affirm, that thoſe Societies where Law and Juſtice is not, are not Commonwealths or Kingdoms, but *Magna latrocinia*, * great Theſts and trepanning Cheats. As for the Power of altering Laws, or bringing in new ones, and ſetting up new Governments, it is allowed by wiſe Men, that all Power lawfully exerciſed upon a Commonwealth, muſt neceſſarily be derived either from the appointment of God, who is the ſupreme Lord of all; or from the conſent of the Society it ſelf, that hath the next Power to his, of diſpoſing of their own Liberty, as they ſhall think fit for their good, whoſe

† Cicero. * De civit. Dei.

benefit is the End of all Government Therefore whoever arrogates such Power to himself, that cannot produce one of these two Titles, is not a Ruler, but an Invader, or a Tyrant. Now, how this pretended *Long Parliament*, restored by the force of Soldiers, by whose force it had first been dissolved, and was before annulled by the Death or Murther of King *Charles* the First, that summoned it, he being *Principium, causa, & finis Parliamenti:* after his Murther, the House of Lords and Monarchy being abolished, and so many of the ancient Members thrown out, new ones unduly elected, and such horrid Thefts, Rapes, &c. committed by them upon the People, can lawfully be said the Peoples Representatives, and authorized by them, is the greatest Riddle that ever was propounded to a puzzled State. It was in the Year 1649, that I published *a Legal Vindication of the Liberties of England*; in which I demonstrated the Nullity of the then pretended *Long Parliament:* And lately I set forth a lively Pattern of the spurious *Old Cause*, pretended to be revived and vindicated by the fine Pageant or now-sitting Ghost of the

the long-ſince departed *Long Parliament*; neither need I reaſon farther with reaſonable Perſons about it: Yet ſince this fantaſtical Hobgobling appears ſtill to fright the quiet People, and tempts them (like an evil Spirit) to give themſelves to ſuch an unruly Devil; I will here only hold forth to the view of all good *Engliſhmen*, what ſlavery they muſt needs ſubject themſelves unto, if they reſolve to caſt off for ever their lawful Maſter and Sovereign, and take for new Maſters theſe upſtart domineering Tyrants. Let then every honeſt freeborn Subject of *England*, lay his Hand upon his Breaſt, and aſk of his own Conſcience, whether notwithſtanding all former Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, Proteſtation, ſolemn Leagues and Covenants, *&c.* he can voluntarily ſubmit to, and thereby freely acknowledge, contrary to his former knowledge and the ſaid Oath, *&c.*

I. That there may be, and now is a lawfully-aſſembled Parliament of *England*, actually in being, legally continuing after the late King's Death, or lawfully reaſſembled without King, Lords, or moſt of their Fellow-Members,

bers, conſiſting only of a few late Members of the Commons Houſe.

II. That this Parliament, reeſtabliſhed by a Military Force, and packed together by Power of an Army combining with them, hath juſt and lawful Authority, and had it before;

1. To arraign, condemn and execute their lawful King himſelf, with the Peers and Commons of this Realm.
2. To diſinherit the King's Poſterity of the Crown.
3. To extirpate Monarchy and the whole Houſe of Peers.
4. To violate the Privileges, Rights, Freedoms, Cuſtoms, and alter the Conſtitution of Parliaments themſelves; to change and ſubvert the ancient Government, Seals, Laws, Writs, Courts and Coin of the Kingdom.
5. To ſell and diſpoſe of all the Lands, Revenues, Jewels, Goods of the Crown, with the Lands of Deans and Chapters, for their own advantages, not for the eaſing of the People from Taxes.

6. To

6. To diſpoſe of the Forts, Ships, Forces, Offices of Honour, Power, Truſt or Profit, to whom they pleaſe.
7. To raiſe and keep up what Forces by Land or Sea they pleaſe, and impoſe Taxes, *&c.* to make what new Acts, Laws, and reverſe what old ones they think meet.
8. To abſolve themſelves (by more than a Papal Power) and all the Subjects of this Land, from all the aforeſaid Oaths, Engagements, Proteſtations, *&c.*
9. To permit, ſettle, or invent what Sect, Hereſy, or Religion they pleaſe, provided they be not Papacy or Prelacy, and that they allow not Blaſphemy againſt the Trinity.
10. I aſk now if every freeborn Subject that hath not raiſed himſelf an Intereſt by Villany, or an Eſtate by Robbery, or incurred a Guilt to the Gallows, for having his Hand in Blood, had not better venture Life and Fortunes to reduce the true and lawful Heir into a peaceful Poſſeſſion of his

his Right, than to authorize by his consent, a new fangled Government, compacted of Treason, Usurpation, Tyranny, Theft and Murder?

AN

A

KEY

To the Second and Third Parts of

HUDIBRAS.

BY

Sir ROGRR L'ESTRANGE.

Paged to the laſt Edition.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXV.

A KEY

To the Second and Third Parts of

HUDIBRAS.

BY

Pugod to the last Edition.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year M DCC XV.

TO THE

READER.

THE former Volume of these Works hath an excellent Key made by the Ingenious Sir Roger L'estrange, *to* Hudibras, *a Copy whereof was formerly transmitted to our Hands by the Learned Dr.* Midgley; *but that* Manuscript *being deficient, by frequent Transcriptions, or otherwise, we have procur'd the Original one written by the abovesaid worthy Knight; which is a continuation of the other, and wholly explains the meaning of Mr.* Butler, *in all those obscure Passages which relate to the Persons or Things concern'd in the Grand Rebellion of* Forty One; *so that whoever now converses*

verſes with the Writings of that Author, may read and know the Deſign and Scope of him with Eaſe and Pleaſure. This Key, which hath been ſo long deſired by the World, in both Volumes, is now compleat, and ſo much to the full purpoſe that it cannot be mended, with Alterations or Additions by any other Hand. So if the Reader is herewith pleas'd, 'tis all the Satisfaction he deſires, who hath been put to ſome trouble to oblige the Bookſeller with ſo neceſſary an Explanation of Mr. Butler's *firſt Works, which made him as famous when al as dead; and thereby obtain'd more Honour than* Homer, *whoſe Works found no Acceptation in his Country till after his Death.*

AN Alphabetical Key TO *HUDIBRAS.*

A.

PAge 279. line 640.

But for our Adoniram Byfield.

A broken Apothecary, who retriev'd his Fortune by ſiding with the Rebels, and voted any thing to be Law, tho' in defiance of their Fundamentals.

C.

Page 51. line 702.

Was no diſpute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren?

Pointing at thoſe grave Rabbies of the Fanaticks, who, in Points of Divinity never traded in any larger Authors than the *Aſſemblies Catechiſm.*

Page 279. line 636.
But from our Calamies.

This *Calamy* was a Preſbyterian Parſon, and much noted for preaching Sedition inſtead of Loyalty; his Patron was *Waller*, to whoſe Lady he often ran for a Uſe of Conſolation.

Page 279. line 635.
Where had they all their gifted Phraſes
But from our Calamies *and* Caſes?

This *Caſe* was a Diſſenting Preacher, who gloried in ſinging an *Hoſanna* to that Arch-Traytor *Oliver Cromwel*; and to increaſe that Uſurper's Army, lay with the Siſters of his whining Congregation.

Page

Page 306. line 1550.
They've roaſted Cook.

He was once an honeſt Barber, but for his Loyalty receiving ſome Perſecution, and ſeeing what Profit aroſe by trimming the State, he turn'd as arrant a Knave as any of his Perſecutors.

Page 283. line 765.
And till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant.

The Covenant was a ſort of rebellious Combination made among the [illegible] formerly, be of what Religion they would; inſomuch that had theſe Beaſts been to have enter'd the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into Pairs.

Page 36. *line* 194.
He'll ſign it with Cler. Parl. Dom.Com.

Pointing at the Impudence of thoſe Rebels, which would authorize their Villany by ſigning it with Forms that were legal, while a King was *in eſſe*; but not when they aſſum'd all Power in their own hands.

Page

D.

Page 305. line 1534.
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under Dun.

The Name of the *Fanaticks* Hangman, whoſe Hands were often ſtained with the Blood of Loyal Subjects.

Page 268. *line* 270.
---------- others tamper'd,
For Deſborough.

One of the Rump's Colonels, whoſe Valour, like the reſt of theſe *Tatterſalions*, proceeded from his Ignorance: but tho' theſe Puritan Soldiers were ſucceſsful in their Villany, yet were they but *Mar*'s Petty-toes; or rather ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that truly it is a Favour to call them ſo.

E.

Page 267. line 240.
And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which they'd yearn'd ſo long in vain
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an Empire all of Kings.

An

An Empire of Kings ſignifies a Democracy or Commonwealth Government; or our Author here rather points at the Statocracy of thoſe Times, which (like the *Marmalukes*) govern'd by an Army-Power.

F.

Page 287. *line* 894.
That repreſent no part o'th' Nation,
But Fiſher's-Folly *Congregation.*

A Meeting-Houſe built by one *Fiſher* a Shoemaker, where *Devonſhire-ſquare* now ſtands, in 1659; but the Reſtauration of the Royal Family happening the next Year after, it was pull'd down by ſome Loyaliſts; and then lying uſeleſs it was call'd *Fiſher's Folly.*

Page 268. *line* 270.
---------- *Others tamper'd,*
For Fleetwood

He was one of the Roundheads Commanders, who pretended to be a Babe of Grace too; but certainly it was not in his Perſonal, but (as the State Sophiſters diſtinguiſh it) in his politick Capa-

Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the Zeal of the Houſe he ſat in; as Chickens are hatch'd at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

G.

Page 42. *line* 395.

As ſtout Armida, *bold* Thaleſtris,
And ſhe that would have been the Miſtreſs
Of Gondibert

Pointing at Sir *William Davenant*, the Author of a Poem call'd *Gondibert*.

H.

Page 297. *line* 1239.

..... *The Iſle of* Wight
Will riſe up, if you deny't,
Where Henderſon *and th'other Maſſes*
Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes.

This Fellow was a Diſſenting Parſon, ſent to *Uxbridge* and the *Iſle of Wight*, to diſpute with King *Charles* the Firſt, about Matters of Religion. He was mighty zealous for the bad Cauſe which thoſe of his bad Stamp call'd a good one; and was ſuch an admirer of

of *Oliver Cromwel*, that once in a prepoſterous Blaſphemy to the Lord of Hoſts, ſtil'd him, *the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.*

Page 297. *line* 1250.

They did not mean, he wrought th'effuſion
In Perſon, like Hewſon.

This Fellow was a Cobler, who had but one Eye; and throwing by his Awl and Laſt, went into the Parliament's Army; where he arriv'd to the Dignity of a Colonel: And on that Day the King was Beheaded, he went with a Party of Horſe from *Charing-Croſs* to the *Royal-Exchange*, proclaiming all the way, *That whoſoever ſhould ſay, that* Charles Stuart *died wrongfully, ſhould ſuffer preſent Death.*

Page 297. *line* 215.

Toſs'd in a furious Hurricane,
Did Oliver *give up his Reign.*

Pointing at the great Hurricane in which the Devil fetch'd the Uſurper to his Territories, on the third of *September* 1658.

I.

Page 260. *line* 1.

The Learned write, an Inſect-Breeze
Is but a Mangrel Prince of Bees,
That fall, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founder of his Houſe.

Meaning, by *Inſect Breeze*, the *Fanaticks*; whoſe Godlineſs is of the ſame Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and whoſe Victories, in the time of the Civil Wars, prov'd at laſt like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found 'em at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty are the Triumphs of Rebels; but ſo many impoſthumated Fancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

L.

Page 268. *line* 270.

---------- *Others tamper'd*
For Fleetwood, Deſborough & Lambart
As

As for *Fleetwood* and *Deſborough*, we have taken notice of them already: and as for *Lambart*, he was another rebellious Officer, who (like *Don Quixot* for *Sancho Pancha*) fought at all Adventures to purchace for the Uſurper the Government of this Iſland.

Page 287. *line* 909.

Unleſs it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſt for fundamental.

He was Speaker of the Houſe of Commons to the Rump-Parliament; who help'd out their falſe Weights with ſome Scruples of Conſcience; and with their peremptory Scales could doom their lawful King with a *Mene Tekel*.

Page 102. *line* 1227.

A lawleſs Linſie-Woolſie Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water:
That always preys on Grace or Sin,
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.

This *Linſie-Woolſie Brother* hints on *Andrew Crawford*, a *Scotch* Preacher,

who in thoſe rebellious Times liv'd on the Sins of the People, which then was a good ſtanding Diſh, and verified the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutritur, ex quibus componitur.*

M.

Page 276. *line* 529.
And 'twas made out to us the laſt Expedient,----- (*I mean* Marg'rets *Faſt*)

The Rump-Parliament us'd to have their publick Faſts kept in St. *Margaret*'s Church at *Weſtminſter*; which they obſerv'd ſo ſolemnly, that if they could come at any thing good to eat, they would prove to be as terrible Slaughter-men as *Fairfax* his Soldiers were wont to be at a Thankſgiving-Dinner.

N.

Page 50. *line* 662.
In Name of King and Parliament.

The ſpecious Pretence by which the Rebels did beat up for Voluntiers.

Page

Page 10. *line* 285.

But when the Date of Nock *was out,*
Off dropt the ſympathetic Snout.

By *Nock* is meant *Oliver Cromwel*, that infamous Uſurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification: And here our Author alſo ſeems to take notice of his Noſe, which was not only extream large, but was withal ſo very red, that many who liv'd in his Time were wont to ſay, that he wore the Dominical Letter upon't.

O.

Page 279. *line* 638.

Without whoſe ſprinkling and ſowing,
Who had e'er heard of Owen?

A Puritan Preacher, whoſe Doctrine ran upon a certain Scale of Deſtruction, which taught his Auditors to ruin the Father, beggar the Son, and ſtrangle the Hopes of all Poſterity.

P.

Page 297. *line* 1250.
They did not mean, he wrought th'effuſion
In Perſon, like Sir Pride.

This Perſon was a Dray-man, who throwing off his Allegiance to his lawful Sovereign, liſted himſelf in the Parliament Army; and for his Diſloyalty came in time to be a Colonel.

S.

Page 122. *line* 368.
He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane *and* Little-Sodom.

The firſt of theſe Places is in *Long-Acre*, the other is *Saliſbury-Court* in Fleetſtreet, which was formerly the Reſidence of Bawds and Whores, to which *Hudibras*'s Man, and other of his ſanctified Brethren reſorted ſometimes to refreſh themſelves, when troubled with any carnal Emotions.

Page

Page 122. *line* 370.

Made 'em corvet, like Spaniſh *Jennets,*
And take the Ring at Madam ------

I know not for what reaſon our Author ſhou'd daſh that Gentlewoman's Name, which makes Rhyme to Jennets; but to make him as intelligible as we can, he hints here at one Mrs. *Stennet*, whoſe Huſband was, by Profeſſion, a Broom-Man; and ſhe follow'd the laudable Imployment of Bawding, and manag'd ſeveral Intrigues for thoſe Brothers and Siſters, whoſe Purity conſiſted chiefly in the Whiteneſs of their Linen.

W.

Page 171. *line* 166.

Meet with the Parliament's Committee
At Woodſtock.

Hinting at a Committee of the Long Parliament ſitting in the King's Palace at *Woodſtock*, where they were (and

(and well ſuch bloody Rebels might) frighten'd with ſeveral Apparitions; inſomuch that their ill Conſciences flying in their Faces, they would hold there no more wicked Conſultations.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

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